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## RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

### USES OF LABOR.

For all men doubtless obstructions abound; spiritual growth must be hampered and stunted, and has to struggle through with difficulty, if it do not wholly stop. We may grant too that, for a mediocre character, the continual training and tutoring, from language-masters, dancing-masters, posture-masters of all sorts, hired and volunteer, which a high rank in any time or country assures, there will be produced a certain superiority, or at worst, air of superiority, over the corresponding mediocre character of low rank: thus we perceive the vulgar Do-nothing, as contrasted with the vulgar Drudge, is in general a much prettier man; with a wider perhaps clearer outlook into the distance; in innumerable superficial matters, however it may be when we go deeper, he has a manifest advantage. But with the man of uncommon character, again, in whom a germ of irrepressible Force has been implanted, and *will* unfold itself into some sort of freedom,—altogether the reverse may hold. For such germs, too, there is, undoubtedly enough, a proper soil where they will grow best, and an improper one where they will grow worst. True also, where there is a will, there is a way; where a genius has been given, a possibility, a certainty of its growing is also given. Yet often it seems as if the injudicious gardening and manuring were worse than none at all; and killed what the inclemencies of blind chance would have spared. We find accordingly that few Frederics or Napoleons, indeed none since the great Alexander, who unfortunately drank himself to death too soon for proving what lay in him, were nursed up with an eye to their vocation: mostly with an eye quite the other way, in the midst of isolation and pain, destitution and contradiction. Nay, in our own times, have we not seen two men of genius, a Byron and a Burns; they both, by mandate of Nature, struggle and must struggle towards clear Manhood, stormfully enough, for the space of six-and-thirty years; yet only the gifted Plough man can partially prevail therein: the gifted Peer must toil and strive, and shoot out in wild efforts, yet die at last in Boyhood, with the promise of his Manhood still but announcing itself in the distance. Truly, as was once written, 'it is only the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens; the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet on the wild soil it nourishes itself, and rises to be an oak.' All woodmen, moreover, will tell you that fat manure is the ruin of your oak; likewise that the thinner and wilder your soil, the tougher, more iron-texture is your timber,—though, unhappily, also the smaller. So too with the spirits of men; they become pure from their errors, by suffering for them; he who has battled, were it only with Poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger, more expert, than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the Provision-waggons, or even not unwatchfully 'abiding by the stuff.' In which sense, an observer not without experience of our time, has said; 'Had I a man of clearly developed character (clear, within its limits,) of insight, courage, and real applicable force of head and of heart, to search for; and not a man of luxuriously distorted character, with haughtiness for courage, and for insight and applicable force, speculation and plausible show of force,—it were rather among the lower than among the higher classes that I should look for him.'

A hard saying indeed, seems this same: that he, whose other wants were all beforehand supplied; to whose capabilities no problem was presented except even this, How to cultivate them to best advantage, should attain less real culture than he whose first grand problem and obligation was nowise spiritual culture, but hard labor for his daily bread! Sad enough must the perversion be where preparations of such magnitude issue in abortion; and a so sumptuous Art with all its appliances can accomplish nothing, not so much as necessitous Nature would of herself have supplied! Nevertheless, so pregnant is Life with evil as with good; to such height in an age rich, plethorically overgrown with means, can means be accumulated in the wrong place, and immeasurably aggravate wrong tendences, instead of righting them, this sad and strange result may actually turn out to be realized.

But what, after all, is meant by *uneducated*, in a time when Books have come into the world; come to be household furniture in every habitation of the civilized world? In the poorest cottage are Books; is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him; wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well, the Mystery of Existence reflects itself, if not resolved yet revealed, and prophetically emblemed; if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. 'In Books lie the creative Phœnix-ashes of the Past.' All that men have devised, discovered done, felt, or imagined, lies recorded in Books; wherein whoso has learned the mystery of spelling printed letters, may find it, and appropriate it.

Nay, what indeed is all this? As if it were by universities and libraries and lecture rooms, that man's Education, what we can call Education, were accomplished; solely, or mainly, by instilling the dead letter and record of other men's Force, that the living Force of a new man were to be awakened, enkindled, and purified into victorious clearness! Foolish Pedant, that sittest there compassionately descanting on the Learning of Shakspeare! Shakspeare had penetrated into innumerable things; far into Nature with her divine Splendors and infernal Terrors, her Ariel Melodies, and mystic mandragora Moans; far into man's workings with Nature, into man's Art and Artifice; Shakspeare knew (*kenned*, which in those days still partially meant *can-ned*) innumerable things; what men are, and what the world is, and how and what men aim at there, from the Dame Quickly of modern Eastcheap, to the Cæsar of ancient Rome, over many countries, over many centuries: of all this he had the clearest understanding and constructive comprehension; all this was his Learning and Insight; what now is thine? Insight into none of those things; perhaps, strictly considered, into no thing whatever: solely into thy own sheepskin diplomas, fat academic honors, into vocables and alphabetic letters, and but a little way into these! —The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do; the grand schoolmaster is Practice.

And now, when *kenning* and *can ning* have become two altogether different words; and this, the first principle of human culture, the foundation-stone of all but false imaginary culture, that men must, before every other thing, be trained to *do* somewhat, has been, for some generations, laid quietly on the shelf, with such result as we see,—consider what advantage those same uneducated Working classes have over the educated Unworking classes, in one particular; herein, namely that they must *work*. To work! What incalculable sources of cultivation lie in that process, in that attempt; how it lays hold of the whole man, not of a small theoretical calculating fraction of him, but of the whole practical, doing and daring and enduring man; thereby to awaken dormant faculties, root out old errors, at every step! He that has done nothing has known nothing. Vain is it to sit scheming and plausibly discoursing: up and be doing! If thy knowledge be real, put it forth from thee: grapple with real Nature; try thy theories there, and see how they hold out. *Do* one thing, for the first time in thy life do a thing; a new light will rise to thee on the doing of all things whatsoever. Truly, a boundless significance lies in work: whereby the humblest craftsman comes to attain much, which is of indispensable use, but which he who is of no craft, were he never so high, runs the risk of missing. Once turn to Practice, Error and Truth will no longer consort together: the result of Error involves you in the square-root of a negative quantity; try to *extract* it, or any earthly substance or sustenance from it, if you will! The honorable Member can discover that 'there is a reaction,' and believe it, and wearisomely reason on it, in spite of all men, while he so pleases, for still his wine and his oil will not fail him: but the sooty Brazier, who discovered that brass was green-cheese, has to act on his discovery; finds therefore, that, singular as it may seem, brass cannot be masticated for dinner, green-cheese will not rest into fireproof dishes: that such discovery, therefore, has no legs to stand on, and must even be let fall. Now, take this principle of difference through the entire lives of two men, and calculate what it will amount to! Necessity, moreover, which we here see the mother of Accuracy, is well known as the mother of Invention. He who wants every thing, must know many things, do many things, to procure even a few: different enough with him, whose indispensable knowledge is this only, that a finger will pull the bell!

### THE CALLING OF A SCHOLAR.

It is a calling which doth not employ us in bodily toil, in worldly care, in pursuit of trival affairs, in sordid drudgeries; but in those angelical operations of soul, the contemplation of truth, and attainment of wisdom: which are the worthiest exercises of our reason, and sweetest entertainments of our mind; the most precious wealth, and most beautiful ornaments of our soul; whereby our faculties are improved, are polished and refined, are enlarged, in their power and use by habitual accessions; the which are conducible to our greatest profit and benefit, as serving to rectify our wills, to compose our affections, to guide our lives in the ways of virtue, to bring us unto felicity. * * It is a calling least subject to any danger or disappointment; wherein we may well be assured not to miscarry or lose our labor: for the merchants indeed by manifold accidents may lose their voyage, or find a bad market; the husbandman may plough and sow in vain; but the student can hardly fail of improving his stock, and reaping a good crop of knowledge; especially if he study with a conscientious mind, and pious reverence to God, imploring his gracious help and blessing.—*Dr. Isaac Barrow.*

### COURSE OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides gently down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed blossoms; over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our feet, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage, there is no witness; but the Infinite and Eternal!

And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which are gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find, by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which doth so easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who having no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interests which we have obtained in his mercies?—*Bishop Heber.*

PROFIT OF GODLINESS.—The blessings which religion confers in this life, are favors which she scatters on her march to immortality.—*Robert Hall.*

PRAYER.—Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petitions. For the body off our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so we must labor for all that we ask.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### PRIDE.

The angels lost their first estate by pride. —By pride Adam fell; for, thinking himself worthy to know more than it pleased God to let him know, and to obtain supreme happiness in a way different from that prescribed by God, he yielded to the suggestion of Satan, and ate of the forbidden tree. And in his children ever since, pride has been the root of bitterness, from which every noxious weed has sprung up to poison the soul of man. Pride was the corner-stone of the tower of Babel. Pride, doubtless, opened the heart of David to the sins of adultery and murder. Pride paved the way for St. Peter's base denial of his blessed Lord and master. They were, at least, in these instances, wise in their own conceit; they thought that they had found a sufficiency in themselves; and God left them to themselves—to their own imaginations. As it was then, so it has been ever since, and so it is now. It is not only because we are inclined to covetousness, to passion, to lust, or to any other besetting sin, that so many of us live in bondage to Satan, and are carried off from day to day to receive his wages, but it is because we are proud, because we trust in our own righteousness, and confide in our own strength.'—*Bishop Ryder.*

DEATH BEDS.—Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to 'the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns!' Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and extreme bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. —Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber, without a wish that 'my last end might be like theirs.'—*Sir. Henry Halford.*

### A SICK BED.

If the intellectual powers be mercifully preserved, how many virtues may be brought into exercise on a sick bed' which had either lain dormant, or been considered of inferior worth in the prosperous day of activity. The Christain temper, indeed, seems to be that part of religion which is more peculiarly to be exercised under these circumstances. The passive virtues, the least brilliant, but the most difficult, are then particularly called into action. To *suffer* the whole will of God on the tedious bed of languishing, is more trying than to perform the most shining exploit on the theatre of the world. The hero in the field of battle has the love of fame, as well as patriotism to support him. He knows that the witnesses of his valor will be the heralds of his renown. The martyr at the stake is divinely strengthened. Extraordinary grace is imparted for extraordinary trials. His pangs are exquisite, but they are short. The crown is in sight; it is almost in possession.—By faith 'he sees the heaven opened.' He sees the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. But to be strong in faith, and patient in hope, in a long and lingering sickness, is an example of more general use, and ordinary application, than even the sublime heroism of the martyr. The sickness is brought home to our own feelings; we see it with our eyes; we apply it to our hearts. Of the martyr, we read, indeed, with astonishment; our faith is strengthened, and our admiration kindled; but we read it without that special approbation, without that peculiar reference to our own circumstances which we feel in cases that are likely to apply to ourselves. With the dying friend, we have not only a feeling of pious tenderness; but there is also a community of interests. The certain conviction that his case must soon be our own, makes it our own now. Self mixes with the social feeling, and the Christian death we are contemplating, we do not so much admire as a prodigy, as propose for a model. To the martyr's stake we feel that we not are likely to be brought. To the dying bed we must inevitably come.—*Hannah More.*

### CHRIST THE SPIRITUAL RIVER.

Thus Christ, the spiritual river, is ever full and ever flowing. His grace, and mercy, and love, are sufficient for all who thirst. Countless myriads have copiously drank at the fountain of divine consolation, and been satisfied, and yet there is no diminution. The Redeemer pours the streams of his grace and favor into every part of his church, that he may nourish it, and supply every want.—Wherever his Gospel is faithfully preached, and meekly believed, there may the blessings of the spiritual river be traced. The streams it sends forth are confined to neither hemisphere, they recognize neither geographical boundary nor limit, they alike flow around the dwelling of the converted negro, and Hottentot, and Esquimaux; they convey refreshment and joy to the thirsty Indian, and the Cingalese, and Islanders in the Southern Ocean; they dispense their healing and life-giving waters to the disciples of Jesus in every caste, and climate, and color; 'the solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'—*Rev. T. Bartlett.*

### WANT OF FAITH.

As a want of faith is fatal to all goodness, so it is a deficiency far more frequent among men, than a careless observer would imagine. I do not mean that many may be found so fearfully abandoned to themselves and to satan as to maintain, with their mouths or in their hearts that there is no God. I do not mean that in a Christian land, and among those who, from their childhood have been surrounded with the evidence of the truth, and when the association and example of all which is good or great, or holy, the number is considerable of those who expressly deny the Lord who bought them. But this I do mean, and this is unhappily true, both by reason and experience, that there is a great difference between not disbelieving what is related in Scripture concerning God and his Son, and actually and habitually believing it; and that many a man has no genuine faith, who never in his life either denied or doubted the Gospel. Believing, it should be recollected, is an act of the mind consequent to attention. We cannot believe that any have an habitual faith in God, without habitually retaining his image in our minds as the object of our love and reverence. And when we consider how many men there are, who in all outward appearance, never think of God or his Son at all, and how many more who endeavor to get rid of religious thoughts, whenever they arise, as unnecessary, untimely and troublesome, we must allow, I think, that a want of faith is at the bottom of the wicked lives of many professing Christians; that some, who when the gospel is named to them, are very far from doubting its truth, are, yet, during the greatest part of their lives to all practical purposes, unbelievers, while others who from time to time, may perhaps believe and tremble, are anxious to make still less the little faith which yet lingers in their bosoms.—*Bishop Heber.*

'Whatsoever we make an idol of in our hearts will be a cross unto us, if we belong to Christ; and a curse unto us if we do not.'

'The destroyer of souls is more fatal in his assaults when he comes under the mask of a *friend*, than when he roareth upon us like a lion.'

'The love of the world and the love of God are like the scales of a balance; as the one falleth, the other doth rise.—When our natural inclinations prosper, the creature is exalted in our soul, religion is faint and doth languish: But when earthly objects wither away and lose their beauty, and the soul begins to cool and flag in its prosecution of them, then the seeds of grace take root, and the divine life begins to flourish and prevail.—*Scougal.*

### MEXICO AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF MONTEZUMA.

When Hernando Cortez conquered Mexico in 1519, the city of Mexico contained a population of upwards of sixty thousand families. It was divided into two distinct parts, in one of which lived the nobility, and in the other the lower castes. The public edifices and the dwellings of the court and nobility were built of stone. The temples were magnificent. The one dedicated to Vitzpartizli, the god of war, and the most worshipped of all their deities, was the most spacious. Besides the dwelling of the priests erected on the inside and the great number of squares, it contained many for other inferior deities, to which the people had to pay himage on their entrance—this great edifice would accommodate more than ten thousand persons, who came to dance at their regular festivals. One of the squares was set our with trees, at regular distances, through which iron bars were passed, whereon were suspended the heads of victims who had been sacrificed to the gods. In another department was a large stone terminating in an acute angle, upon which the priest suspended the victim to be sacrificed, cut open his breast and took out his heart. A splendid chapel contained the grand idol. It was the figure of a man sitting upon a high altar. His head was crowned with a helmet of burnished gold. In the right hand it held a serpent, and in the left a shield with four arrows.—The countenance was most horrific. The priests slowly withdrew the curtains when they permitted the people to pay their adoration to this deity of their worship. On the left was another idol of similar display and characteristic, pretending to be his brother, and equally an object of profound adoration.

The city contained eight temples of a similar description. The chapels in these edifices amounted to not far from two thousand, dedicated to different deities. They were constructed in great magnificence, and their appendages and trappings were of inestimable value.

None could approach the royal presence, except being barefoot, with profound awe, and 'my great lord' uttered in a suppressed tone. When he dined in public, (which was frequent,) he sat by himself at a superb table; being first helped from his choice of two or three hundred dishes and then leaving the rest to the nobility. He drank several kinds of liquors from rich and ornamented cans. The crowds were kept out by a rail. They could look on and see the royal gormandizing in the distance. Buffons displayed themselves to amuse the royal eyes, and all sorts of music saluted the royal ear. And then the people went to the squares, to wrestle, shoot, and run, to please his grace.

The vast mine contributed much to Montezuma's prodigious wealth, besides he drew by usage about one third of the whole productive wealth of his subjects. The nobility were compelled to make him vast annual presents in person. The Emperor was the law in all things, and the slightest disrespect towards him cost the life of a subject. Every town in the empire had a regular militia; and it is even stated that Montezuma had upwards of thirty vassals, from each of which he could have brought into the field one hundred thousand men.

(From the Monthly Miscellany.)

### ATTAINMENT OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

Not only are we to interpret the Scriptures, but to test the doctrines which others propose for our belief, by the fundamental doctrines which we have established. With regard to every such doctrine proposed to us, our first question should be, is it consistent with what the Bible teaches us of God? If so, it may be true. If not, however plausible the arguments produced in its defence, it must be false. Nor can it be fairly urged that we are incompetent to sit in judgment on the ways of the Most High, and that what would be unjust in man may be just in him. It is granted that we have no right to sit in judgment on what we are certain that God does; but it is not only right for us, but our bounden duty, to try what men assert that he does, by what we know of his nature. Moreover, if what is unjust according to our ideas of right, may yet be just in God, then we know not what justice is, and can form no idea of the divine justice, and the words, God is just, are entirely empty and unmeaning. It is manifest that when the sacred writers tell us that God is holy, and just, and good, they use these words in the sense which they commonly bear among men, and if they use them in any other sense they are wanton mockers of human ignorance, and not the lights of the world. But the usual sense of these words we are acquainted with, and are amply competent to judge whether the purposes and operations which men ascribe to God are consistent with it, and this must be our criterion. All these dogmas which mar the glory of the divine attributes, which undermine the throne of God's justice, break the sceptre of his mercy, dim the vision of his wisdom, we are bound unhesitating to reject; and, if scriptural proof be urged in favor of such dogmas, we are bound to do one of three things; to prove that the scripture does not teach them; to prove that the scripture casts doubt upon the divine wisdom, mercy or justice; or to regard the Bible as self contradictory and untrustworthy. To either of the two latter alternatives we do not apprehend that we shall ever be driven; but believe that we shall always be able to bring ample scriptural testimony against every human dogma that conflicts with the acknowledged truth respecting the divine perfections.

On the same foundation is our own system of theology to be built up. Truth on all subjects is, as we have already remarked, the transcript of the divine ideas, the reflection of the divine attributes. What need we, then, in order to ascertain the truth on any and every point, but to reason from the analogy of what nature and revelation teach us of God's character, to his will, works, and dispensations? Thus with regard to providence, God's wisdom, justice, and goodness all oppose themselves to the idea of a merely general supervision, and leave us no alternative but a minute, particular, and constant providence. So with regard to human nature, if God be its author, it must bear his impress; nor can it be depraved unless he be depraved; but if he be good and holy, human nature as it comes from his hands must be stainless and pure. Nor will it suffice to say that man was originally thus created, but that, from the sin of his progenitors, he now comes into the world with a depraved nature. For in order to maintain this, it must either be held that God is not the Creator of the men that now are, and thus either his infinite power or perfect providence be denied, or else, granting that we are the children of God no less than Adam, it must be asserted that a depravity emanates from God, which one would shudder to impute to him, but which could not possibly flow from him in his works, unless it were a part of his character. Thus too, with regard to the effect of sincere repentance on the divine mind, we have only to combine the holiness and love of the divine character, and we cannot for a moment doubt, that the penitent are forgiven; for when infinite holiness has once attained its prime end of awakening the sinner to moral goodness and spiritual life, it would be impossible for perfect love to perpetuate the penal consequences of iniquity. The nature of the atonement through Christ, also, is rendered clear and plain, by similar considerations. If God be love unmingled and unlimited, if anger and wrath form no part of his character, if punishment be his strange work, and mercy his delight, then must we reject that view of the atonement, which represents Christ as interposing to disarm his Father's vengeance, and adopt that view which makes the Father and the Son one in the work of redemption; which teaches that God so loved the world as to send his Son to save it; that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Once more, the same considerations furnish us with a guide to the truth on the subject of future retribution. The divine justice and holiness set aside at once the theory which admits alike sinners and saints, immediately on death, into the same bliss and glory. The justice and mercy of God forbid us also to regard the rewards and punishments of the future life as arbitrary and each without gradations, and compel us to view them as the natural result and proportionate recompense of the deeds done in the body; so that we shall be literally judged according to our works. By thus applying our knowledge of the divine attributes to all the topics of theological inquiry, and adjusting our opinions according to the analogy of those attributes, we may construct for ourselves a compact, uniform and self consistent system of Christian doctrine, which, if not absolutely and in all its details, true, shall yet be relatively true compared with systems formed on a different basis and constructed on a different principle. It is not meant, by recommending this process of constructing a creed, to discourage or undervalue a diligent and prayerful study of the Scriptures. The Bible is to us the prime source of light and truth, and on every point must be carefully and reverently consulted. But men vary in their interpretation of Scripture; and they vary chiefly, as it seems to us, for want of systematic research into its contents. The course which we recommend is, first, to ascertain all that the Bible teaches of the divine nature, to obtain definite and consistent ideas of the divine character, and then, to make these ideas a key to the interpretation of what the Bible says on all other subjects; so that when the language of a passage of Scripture, taken by itself, will bear, and receives from different sects of Christians, two different meanings, we may be able to determine which is the true meaning, by ascertaining which accords with Scripture views of the divine character. No doubt the doctrines which God has revealed in the Bible form a complete, harmonious and consistent system, of which he is the basis, centre, and sum. By commencing our researches with him, founding our doctrine upon his character, testing them by his attributes, we make as near an approach as a finite mind can make, to the system of pure, immutable truth, as it is viewed by the divine mind. A. P. P.

The celebrated physician Boerhaave, through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning to meditation and prayer, declaring that from thence he derived vigor and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect conquest over his irascible passions. 'The sparks of calumny,' he would say, 'will be presently extinct of themselves unless you would blow them: and therefore, in return, he choose rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, if they had any, than to dwell upon the bad.'

### PRISON FACTS.

As an illustration of the nature and tendencies of the former, and to too great a degree the present system, of prison discipline, we would mention a case which occurred only a few years since, in one of the New England States. The only voucher for its accuracy, it is true, is the veracity of the sufferer himself; but the naturalness of the whole narrative is such, that we have never doubted for a moment of its essential authenticity.

The young man to whom we refer was an orphan, left in mere boyhood to the care of an uncle, who taught him his own trade, that of a shoemaker. The uncle however absconded in debt, while our informant was still a youth, and he apprenticed himself to another person of the same occupation. The master was poor, and the apprentice of course, still poorer; the former failed, and was, we believe, sent to jail, and the latter almost destitute of clothes, was again turned out, without a friend, into the street. His appearance was so squalid, that no respectable mechanic would employ him, and he wandered about the city for several days, cold and hungry, procuring barely enough to prolong existence, by doing little errands on a wharf.

In this condition, to cover his nakedness, he stole an old coat out of an entry. In one of the pockets there was, unfortunately, a pocket-book, containing a considerable sum of money. This discovery alarmed the poor boy. To return it would have been to confess the robbery. To keep it was to render apprehension almost certain. While deliberating with himself what he should do, he was arrested, immediately convicted, and sentenced to six months imprisonment in the common jail. Here he found himself consigned to the same apartment with three pirates, one of whom was afterwards executed, and the other two doubtless deserved execution. These wretches spent their time in instilling into the mind of the boy every sentiment of hatred against society. They taught him how to steal, and assured him that the pleasantest life which he could choose was a life of dishonesty and robbery. They assured him that he ought to make society pay for its cruelty to him; that occasions for successful theft were of every day's occurrence; and that he would thus become a gentleman more readily than in any other manner.

The poor child was too easily persuaded. He entered the prison, honest in principle. He left it, determined upon being a villain. For weeks he was prowling about the city in search of some opportunity of theft; but he found these much less frequent than he had been led to suppose. He obtained, by doing odd jobs, barely sufficient to purchase food; and slept on cellar-doors, or in any hiding-place which the streets afforded. Having been in jail, he dared not apply to any respectable mechanic for work; and, as the cold weather approached, his situation became almost desperate. He was perfectly prepared to commit an offence which would send him to prison, 'for then,' said he, 'I should be certain of having a place to sleep in at night.'

In this state of mind, he was met by an old house-breaker, who immediately engaged him to rob a store. The robbery was successfully accomplished, and the booty secured. A reward was offered for the detection of the thief. A compromise was effected between the owners of the property, the managing robber, and the police officer; a large part of the stolen goods was returned, and the remained shared between the old offender and an accomplice, while this young man who had been merely a tool in the transaction, was delivered over to justice. We need not add, that he was speedily convicted, and sentenced to a term of several years to confinement in the State-prison.

Several of the first months of his confinement

were passed in solitude. It was midwinter. The room to which he was consigned was unglazed; his bed was a bunk filled with straw, and his covering a single blanket. It happened, that, on several occasions, he awoke in the morning and found himself covered with snow from the open window. His food was insufficient in quantity and poor in quality; and his health soon began to decline. Frequently he was obliged to lie with his limbs folded together during the whole day and night, for the sake of husbanding the vital warmth, until, even after being taken out, he was for sometime unable to stand upright. During this sad period, 'My feelings,' said he, 'were continually vibrating between two extremes. Sometimes I felt myself injured; though I knew I had done wrong, yet I was conscious I did not deserve such protracted misery, and I could not help weeping over my situation. Then, again, I would feel that this was not manly, and I would brace myself to bear it without flinching, determined, that if I ever was set at liberty, the world should pay dearly for its treatment of me.' These latter feelings gradually strengthened with time, and at the close of the term of solitary confinement had formed themselves into a habit.

When this melancholy half year had elapsed, he was turned loose into unrestrained intercourse with men who had, themselves, undergone a similar training. He described the prison at large as a perfect pandemonium, where every evil passion of the human heart was cultivated in terrible luxuriance. 'I do not believe,' said he, 'that there was a man there, who would have hesitated for a moment to commit murder, were it not from fear of detection. I myself have been frequently guilty of murder in my heart. The only feeling possessed by the convicts in common, was hatred against society, and a determination to be avenged upon it, if ever they had again the opportunity. To accomplish this purpose, they were willing at all times to combine together. Those who entered, were always ready to make known to those about to go out any peculiar facilities, with which they were acquainted, for depredation. They assisted each other in forming plans and in fabricating tools, and thus on several occasions, it was commonly known in the prison, that a murder or robbery was to be perpetrated some days before the occurrence took place. No one who knew of the existence of such designs dared to reveal them; for he was well assured, that in case it were found out, he would inevitably be assassinated by some of the desperadoes by whom he was surrounded.

This was the manner in which, only a few years since, an enlightened community was laboring, at great expense, to diminish the amount of crime by which it was afflicted. The account above given is related from memory; but it is in all its important features, presented as we received it. It had, at the time every appearance of truth and naturalness; and we have had no reason, from any subsequent investigations, to question the veracity of our informant.

We need not ask, whether there can be any thing more weak or more wicked, than such a system as this. So far from having a tendency to *diminish* crime, its tendency is directly to *increase* it. Prisons, of every kind, were nurseries of vice; seminaries, in which criminals could select and educate their associates, and in which the whole society of criminals became bound to each other by a perverted moral sympathy, and by a language of words and symbols, known to themselves, but unknown to all the rest of the world. The weakness of such a system was paralleled only by its wickedness. What can be more inexcusably culpable, than for the intelligent, responsible citizens of a free country to suffer such abominations to go on, year after year, uncorrected? What can be more wantonly cruel, than for a single and, it may be, a venial offence, thus to consign a fellow man, without the hope of forgiveness, to a mode of punishment, which, unless a miracle prevent, must 'destroy both soul and body in hell?' We have all heard of the Spaniard, who, having disarmed his enemy, obliged him, on condition that his life should be spared, to renounce his religion and blaspheme his Redeemer, and then deliberately plunged his sword into his bosom, saying, that it would have been a poor revenge merely to put him to death; he had how insured his eternal damnation. We would of course, by no means intimate, that sentiments thus vindictive have given rise to the old methods of prison discipline; but we do say, that, in result, the analogy between the two cases is much more exact than we wish it were. There is at any rate, sufficient similarity to remind us, that the evils springing from want of consideration are frequently as great as those arising from deliberate wickedness.—*North American Review.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—I have been reading your article on 'Western Missions' by 'A Layman,' with deep interest.

My faith in the Unitarian doctrine grows no weaker as I grow older; and I trust that as I advance in years, I feel stronger impressions of the simplicity, the truth, and the importance of this faith—its importance to the poor and unlearned, as well as to the rich and educated—to those who sit in the kitchen or toil there, as well as to those in the parlor—to the farmers and mechanics of the country, as well as to the prosperous and polished who dwell in cities. I feel for the common people—for the 'lower classes of society,' as they are often called. I belong to them and have had my walk among them. It is natural for me to wish for their elevation—that they may have as pure and rational a faith as their more favored brethren. To me the Gospel is Unitarian in all its features. My faith is not a *new*, but an old faith. Mine are not new views, but *old views* of Christianity. They appear plain and prominent in the New Testament; so plain that I felt constrained to embrace them, though worldly considerations, and ingenious theologians opposed—I like to regard ours as the true Apostolic Church—our faith, as the real Catholic faith. Our doctrines have been taught from the beginning. Jesus taught them to his disciples. They recorded them, and we can read them both in their language and in our own. Our views are evangelical, intelligible, communicable, to the uneducated, to those of moderate talents and attainments. If they were not so, I should have remained ignorant of them. I feel a godly jealousy for the honor of our faith and for the dignity of our denomination. If our faith is undiscernible except to those of the sharp eyes of Kant, I should question its reasonableness and divinity. It can be taught to children and domestics. If it is Christianity, it was designed for the poor as well as for the rich, and they can understand it. It can be expressed in a language familiar and easy to them.

Our faith is apostolic and Christian; let us consider and honor it as such. We have called it Unitarian to meet the exigency of the time. Let us feel our obligations to proclaim, to defend, to spread it. Let us regard our faith as something that is needed by the poor to enrich them—by the ignorant to enlighten them—by the vicious to reclaim them—by the sorrowful to comfort them—by *sinners* to convert and save them. Let us regard ours as a soul saving religion. I fear we have thought and done but very little about these things. The spiritual wants, the eternal welfare of our fellow beings have not excited the commiseration which they claim. Wherever we go, we are surrounded not only by Trinitarians and Orthodox, but by irreligious and sinful men and women and youth. We want to feel a love for souls stronger than death. We want a sin-abhorring, a soul-loving, a reformation, a missionary spirit.

Let us help the feeble churches at home, and tell them also how they may help themselves. Sister and prosperous Churches should feel more of their obligations to relieve their neighbors in distress. But we should look abroad also to the West, to the East, and to every point of the compass where there is a benighted and sinful soul. We should not wait twenty nor thirty years, but be up and doing now. The field is already white to harvest. Worldliness and sinners are dying around us daily. The infidel is at work now. And pious Christians of other denominations are at work now. Let us feel a holy emulation, a gospel zeal and enthusiasm. Let us work for Christ. Sound an alarm to those that are at ease in Zion. Arouse those that are sleeping on the brink of a dreadful pit.

The hills, the vallies, the river-banks and the lake-margins of the west are fast filling up with human beings who need the bread of life. Many of them are enterprising, intelligent but worldly men. Not a few of them are children of the pilgrims. They have been in the schools and churches of New England. They have not yet forgotten their mother tongue. We can speak to them without an interpreter, and be understood. They need not be subjected to the extravagances and errors of a mystical creed before they are prepared to apprehend and appreciate our faith.

Let us view our religion as the perpetual and the popular religion; suited to all the conditions and relations of life. If there is any thing in Unitarian Christianity to meet the spiritual wants of mankind, let us communicate it! A wide field for usefulness and for glory is before us. Let us gird on the gospel armor and go forth, making it our high aim to win souls to God, and our constant care to be found faithful in maintaining the cause of Christ. Then may we hope, the Lord will be with us, and the Lord will bless us. J. F.

DEATH.

It is not easy to describe the sensation which the mind experiences on the first sight of a dead countenance: which, when living, was loved and esteemed for the sake of that soul which used to give it animation. A deep and awful view of the separation which has taken place between the soul and body of the deceased, since we last beheld him, occupies the feelings; our friend seems both near and yet afar off. The most interesting and valuable part is fled away, what remains is but the earthly perishing habitation, no longer occupied by its tenant. Yet the features present the accustomed association of friendly intercourse. For one moment we could think them asleep. The next reminds us that the blood circulates no more; the eye has lost its power of seeing, the ear of hearing, the heart of throbbing, and the limbs of moving. Quickly a thought of glory breaks in upon the mind, and we imagine the dear departed soul to be arrived at its long-wished-for rest. It is surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, and sings the song of Moses and the Lamb on Mount Zion. Amid the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, imagination hears heavenly hymns chanted by the spirits of just men made perfect. In another moment, the livid lips and sunken eye of the clay cold corpse, recall our thoughts to earth, and to ourselves again. If there be a moment when Christ and salvation, death, judgement, heaven and hell, appear more than ever to be momentous subjects of meditation, it is that which brings us to the side of a coffin containing the body of a departed believer. And while we think of mortality, sin, death, and the grave, we feel the prayer rise in our bosom, 'O let me die the death of the righteous, and, let my last end be like his!'—*Rev. Legh Richmond.*

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN BENGAL.

In the London Missionary Register for June received by the Great Western, we find a highly interesting account of a remarkable religious awakening among the Hindoos in the vicinity of Kishnaghur, one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society, on the Jelingha, a branch of the Hoogly, about 70 miles north of Calcutta. It seems that in 55 villages, extending for 60 miles along the Jelingha, to the N. E. and S. W. of Kishnaghur, more than 3,000 Hindoos have thrown away their idols within a few months, and expressed a desire to be admitted into the Christian church. The movement bears a strong resemblance to that witnessed by the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, and will remind the reader of similar recent scenes in the Society and Sandwich Islands.

We give below the report of Archdeacon Dealtry, who visited the villages at the request of the Lord Bishop (Wilson) of Calcutta for the purpose of learning the truth respecting the reports of this wonderful change. On ascertaining that they were true, the Bishop immediately entered with his whole soul into the matter, and wrote to London to the directors of the Church Missionary Society, urging the importance of sending between 30 and 40 additional clergymen, schoolmasters, and catechists, into this part of the field. In his communication to the directors, the Bishop says: 'If we can but enter at the wide and effectual door in time, not only these 3,000 or 4,000, but the whole population of the 50 or 60 villages, may receive the Christian faith, and resemble our Christian villages in the times of our Anglo Saxon forefathers in the 6th and 7th centuries. Such a glorious scene has never yet been presented to our longing eyes in Bengal!'—*N. Y. Observer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'How may I winne him to myself?
He is a man—and men
Have imperfections—it behooves
Me pardon Nature then!'
*Percie's Reliques.*

Man is often the victim of his own passions, and the pen of the untiring satirist, has been exerted from time immemorial, to prove to him, that Alexander when he wept, because there was no second world to conquer had still a world within himself unsubdued, and perhaps at that period of his life unsubduable by human power. 'Conquer thyself, then hast thou conquered all,' is an aphorism presented to the eye of the youngest child, in the page of the copy book, or the column of his Primer, yet the child still pouts and stamps his tiny foot, and the brow of the man grows dark and sullen, with the action of concentrated rage. Hate, pride, ambition, sensuality and intemperance, may be exerting their deadliest influences upon society, and months hence the consequences may present themselves to the eye as it glances over the morning's paper, as an 'horrible atrocity,' or 'shocking accident,' yet there is one passion less heeded in its earliest development, and which although it is no less powerful than others in itself, is often less important in its immediate results, and seems to claim but little of the reprehension or rebuke which the press lavishes upon the follies of mankind, of which the indulgence or restraint tells more powerfully upon the misery or happiness of the great mass of society, upon the daily comfort of its wives and mothers, of its husbands and fathers. I have been speaking of Anger, and I may be told that the subject is already worn out—that the public ear has been satiated by the common cry for 'Peace.' To what purpose I ask, if it has failed to nestle at our hearth-stones and has met no friendly welcome, when it has appealed to our hearts? It is to woman, that I would especially address myself, for little does she seem to know of the power which gentle words and still gentler smiles exercise, over the human heart. And if that woman be a mother, I would ask her whose fault it is if the first lesson her darling learns, is one of intemperate mental excitement?' The infant whose only language is written on its countenance, is playing happily upon her knee. A brother older perhaps by many years snatches away the brilliant toy, and dances with elastic triumph to the music of the disappointed baby's cry. The angry reproof of the young mother calls him back—but as the child draws anxiously near, the dimpled fist of the indignant little one is clenched—a blow is levelled at the offender's head, and—what next? Do we see the fast filling eye fixed in earnest sadness upon the flushed countenance of her youngest born—is that little hand held back, and does the faltering voice of the parent find its way to that tender heart? Oh! no! Can I credit my senses—'That's right dear! I would not bear it, if I were baby! strike him again!' fall in tone of active commiseration, upon my attentive ear, and as the gratified child meets its mother's encouraging smile, the blow which was first struck in the excitement of passion is repeated in frolic! Again,—a busy crowd of children of all ages are clustering around her; it is the hour when they prepare for school,—there is so much to be remembered, so many last stitches to be set or last words to be spoken that the mother gets heated, anxious, worried—'Come here!' she exclaims to some thoughtless girl of five or six, 'Come here and let me fasten you bonnet string'—The poor child is deaf to her entreaty, for the noisy hum of the nursery has drowned the maternal voice. She seizes the little one by the arm, some unlucky pin protrudes—and the first information that her daughter receives of the chance inflicted wound, is a box on the ear accompanied by a few hasty words of admonition. Or—she is reclining it may be on a warm summer's day, upon a sofa—the last novel in her hand, and her faculties steeped in that delightful forgetfulness of self and of reality which it is the province of successful romance to impart. At her feet, are her little ones—she has quicted them with a new toy or a sweetmeat, but a quarrel arises—the elder gives the younger a violent blow—and the latter's screams of agony, rouse the mother from her reverie—quicker than thought she grasps the offender's wrist, and with a glowing face either chastises him upon the spot, or with a threatening hand leads him to a dark closet in the distance, returning only to soothe the grieved spirit of the one who may be the most to blame—In either case the child's reasoning will be this—his little brother irritated him and in the recklessness of the moment he inflicted the blow; his mother too angry at the disturbance he has created, to investigate the matter, and longing to resume her reading—has yielded to her indignant impulses and done the same. Young as he is he sees the injustice of the treatment he has received, and his little heart swells with its first hankering for revenge! This is no exaggerated picture, it is a sketch from real life, and let that every mother look back upon her earlier years and many similar scenes will glimmer in the retrospect. With no ordinary beauty perhaps she has entered fashionable life—but her *first* courtesy is awkwardly dropt, a sudden compliment embarrasses, or an unlucky pimple has made its appearance *just before* the most brilliant party of the season. Her want of tact, of retinue, may have brought the conscious blush to her cheek—many a salt tear has doubtless bathed—although with no *removing* power, the unwelcome pimple, but what a shower of angry invectives, has fallen from her mother's lips and what a Xantippe-like frown, gathered on *her* brow when she next entreated her daughter to the public gaze!

It may be said that these are trifles—if so, the easier are they to reform, and it cannot be maintained that they are trifles which conduce to the happiness of the multitude. The woman whose childhood and girlhood have been subjected to such influences, will hardly meet the trials of her married life with that sweetness of temper or dignity of demeanor, which retains the heart more fleeting graces may have won. The husband comes home at night, fatigued with the exertions he has been making for her support, she is languid and spiritless, and if she makes any attempt to converse it is rather to weary him with her domestic struggles—her unpaid bills, or to tease him, for the 'lovely' something, which such an one has just imported from Paris—than to cheer and animate. At first he is inclined to smile, for a time he bears her foolish reproaches, in patience, and stranger yet in silence—but he is a man and men have imperfections'—not wonder then if a cloud lower on his brow if an unkind work escape his lips, and the rest, be constraint and dissatisfaction on both sides? 'Charles is unreasonable,' she says to a friend, 'and I am no longer happy, he expects me to bear the whole burden of our domestic establishment—and is unwilling to gratify my least expensive tastes. He makes no allowances for me, and thinks it very strange that I should like to 'act my trouble o'er again, in his presence!'—I know not if it be unreasonable for a husband to expect that attention from his wife, which she would exhibit towards the stranger who is most indifferent to her, a kind word or a cheering smile, when fatigued and weary, a perfect neatness in her dress, joined to a perfect readiness to conform to his income, and his wishes—but I do know that if he came home and related to her the thousand vexations of a day, if he claimed her sympathy when irritated by the carelessness of his clerks, or the small receipts of his business in proportion to the engrossing claims of an increasing family, as often as she asks his, when her complacency is disturbed by an insolent servant or a fretful child, there are very many of her sex who would uphold her in such a charge. Again, his taste may be peculiar, he may be fond of retirement, of his book,—she, of society, and the gaieties of the season. She knew this before she married him, and in the day of their courtship, conformed to his wishes, ere he could express them,—why is she *now* so unwilling to please him, and why are discontent and sullen ill humour the results of his disinclination to comply with her petty exactions? If she delays to render the trivial services which affection requires, or renders them if at all, with a heavy eye, and dragging step, what wonder that he mistrusts her devotion! Has she no thought, save for herself? are his comfort and happiness ever to be subservient to hers, her whims gratified, and her peevishness excused, while he, neglected and unthought of, save with bitterness—is to bear many a burden which retards his progress, although Love should have made it light to her? Faults he may have and probably *has*, but is she perfect? He pleads for the pardon, he has so often granted, and shall he plead in vain? In many ways, the wife gives vent to vexation, and ill humor, which if ever felt—common courtesy should prompt us to conceal from others,—and how does she excuse it? In a manner at once false and frivolous. She cannot command her temper, she has attempted it in vain, but if her friends knew how severely it is tried, they would not expect her to command it. A single illustration will prove the shallowness of such an argument. We are entering the mansion of a friend, in our progress through the hall we are saluted by the cries of a child and the angry tones of its mother's voice—we have reached the drawing-room door,—she stands before us—convulsively grasping the shoulder of the guilty—her hand uplifted—a threat trembling on her tongue,—suddenly she perceives, and with the sweetest of smiles, comes forward to salute her guests,—the crimson fades from her cheek, the fire of her eye is quelled, and turning to the awe struck boy, she says mildly, 'You may go, my love! to dry your tears and form good resolutions for the future!' What is this but the most perfect command of temper, the most arbitrary exercise of her strength of mind? And what, but the respect for a stranger, is her inducement to this command, this exercise? Her passion can be commanded, it *should* be, but, familiarity with the reproving glance of her husband, with the astonished silence of her children, has bred contempt of both—and really! she does not think *the effort worth her while!* C. W. H.

*For the Register and Observer.*

MR. HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

*Hillsboro', May* 14.

Soon after leaving the Carlisle road, that is to say, the turnpike, I came in full view of a noble mound, situated not more than three miles from Lebanon, of much the same size and form as the largest of those mounds in the American bottom, five miles from Saint Louis. I allude to the one that has a cottage on the top of it. But the mound north-east of Lebanon has no trees upon it. Like that, however, it has something like terraces on the sides. I do not believe that these large mounds are the work of men's hands, except as respects some slight alteration of their natural form. Not that I would deny the *possibility* of their having been made by some more laborious and enterprising race, than that of North American Indians. But the more probable theory to my mind is, that they are in general the product of natural causes, the same as other hills are; amongst which, the action of water seems the principal one. I confess this hypothesis would be very much weakened if there were commonly found near such mounds corresponding excavations of earth; which, however, is not the case. As for the discovery of human bones in some of these mounds, this has no bearing upon their formation; since it were much easier for any race, whether civilized or savage, to dig even with their fingers, to the very bowels of a hill, and there to deposit their dead, than to *make* a hill of the same magnitude, and inter the dead, in the process of construction. I would make an exception, however, in relation to some small hillocks that I have occasionally met with, near which there are obvious depressions in the surface of the ground, from which earth might have been removed in order to construct the mounds; nor is it improbable that such small mounds were made as burial places for the dead.

Leaving said mound nearly three quarters of a mile distant, on my left, I entered upon a tract of country called Looking-glass Prairie, unsurpassed in fertility, by any in the state; and about ten miles over, to that ford of Sugar Creek which I was to cross. There are but few distinct mounds between Silver and Sugar Creeks, though most of the prairie is dry enough to cultivate, and there are some fine swells. For some distance from the Carlisle road, it is said there is now no vacant land, from one creek to the other; but a few miles either to the north or south of this road, choice entries may still be made, at government price. Passing within half a mile of a mound near the middle of this prairie, I saw a large, grey wolf running in a direction nearly opposite to that in which I was going. Wolves are, however, rarely seen, in this part of Illinois. I have scarcely seen half a dozen in all my travels, for nearly two years; nor heard them howl at night more than the same number of times. But deer are often seen; sometimes in herds of from six or eight to ten or twelve; oftener in smaller squads, from two to five; and but seldom alone. Wild turkies are not numerous; though it is by no means difficult in winter to obtain now and then one for the table. Prairie-fowls i. e. the grouse of England, or the moor-fowl, of Scotland, are abundant almost every where; and when fat, in the fall or winter, are reckoned delicious, being about the size of the New England partridge, which is the same thing as the pheasant of the middle and western states. Nor are they at all shy, seldom flying from the ground till very nearly approached: so that they are easily shot on the wing. This bird when unmolested in its native haunts, produces at times a very singular booming note,—a sort of bellowing,—which, to hear it when riding across a prairie, you would suppose could be made only by some large quadruped. The flesh is dark colored, and situated mostly upon the breast. Quails, as a yankee would call them, or partridges, as they are every where in the west denominated, are also numerous. Robins and those other tribes of birds, which follow the steps of cultivation, and want the comfortable orchard and tasteful grove to nestle in, we cannot as yet expect to be very numerous in Illinois. Among our peculiar and more beautiful western birds are the red-bird and the parroquet.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SCRIPTURE PIECES.

I.

'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'—*Matth.* v. iii.

The lowly and the contrite Man,
In spirit poor, and humble in his soul,
Who deems his hold on earth a fragile ban,
And presses onward for a higher goal;
Rejoicing with the joyous and the gay,
Mourning with those whose hearts are riven—
Soon as has sped life's fitful day,
Will reap eternal bliss in heaven.

II.

'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'—*Matth.* v. 4.

Mourner! who bendest o'er the tomb
Of one beloved, but torn from thee,
Around whose path no flower doth bloom—
Whose pilgrimage is one of misery;
Rejoice that soon thy troubled mind
From heaven shall peace and comfort find.

Mourner! who weepest for thy guilt,
And shed'st the penitential tear—
He whose blood for thee was spilt
Proclains that thou hast nought to fear;
For Christ will heal the bitter smart,
And bind in love thy broken heart.

III.

'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'—*Matth.* v. 5.

The high and mighty ones of earth,
Proud as the eagle in his heavenward flight,
Are slaves to pain, and sinful mirth,
And soon are hurled to endless night;
But they who happiness would seek,
And long upon the earth would live,
Will contrite be, and ever meek,
For heaven to such long life will give.

IV.

'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'—*Matt.*v.6.

The fainting wanderers o'er the sterile plain
Of Araby had laid them down to die;
Benumbed by want, and chilled by pain,
They prayed for death to end their misery;
But God in mercy and in love
With manna fed them from above.

Thus with the wanderers too who seek
That food which God alone bestows;
Fainting, benumbed, in spirit weak,
Sore pained by sin's dire throes;
Hungering and thirsting after righteousness,
Christ hath proclaimed they shall be filled,
With food eternal will he bless,
As manna was from heaven distilled.

*Ballston, N. Y.* T. G. Y.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1839.

UNITARIANISM VINDICATED AGAINST THE CHARGE OF SKEPTICAL TENDENCIES. By James Walker.

(*Continued.*)

With his views of Christianity, if the Unitarian's faith be not steadier and stronger than his Calvinistic borther's it would be strange. It is in perfect, profound harmony with all there is pure, benevolent and noble in his nature. Every finer emotion, every high impulse, every monition of conscience, every bright perception of reason, teach him the same truth, utter the same language. His spirit is ever bearing accordant witness. Unitarianism is written all over his heart. It is preached in the deepest places of his being. He stands forth himself an incarnate manifestation of its truth. Unitarianism teaches that his nature is neither totally depraved nor good, and he feels every hour, in himself, the mingled and conflicting elements of good and evil, appetite and reason, passion and justice, selfishness and disinterestedness, earth and heaven. The sense of duty abides on him. He is conscious of power, in some degree, to perform its requisitions. His spirit is quickened by aspirations after the things that are holy, lovely, great and eternal. He approves all moral excellence, beauty and sublimity. He knows there is some good in him, that he has some freedom, some ability, some responsibleness. Unitarianism as it regards man, can hardly be doubted. It never was really doubted. The Calvinist cannot live and act a single day, in his family or in society, without violating his professed faith. His nature refutes it every hour he lives. And so does every honest man he meets, every just and benevolent deed he sees among the world's people. When the Unitarian looks about him, or into history, when he travels down the broad road, that is strowed with the wrecks of former generations, or studies the most distant and diverse portions of mankind, he learns the same doctrine. Every where and in all places his view receives confirmation. Eden affords the first and perhaps most striking and affecting evidence. Adam fell from his high estate, from conscious uprightness, from innocence, peace, God. The flowers then withered. The streams murmured harshly. A deep shade overspread the bright bowers. The heavens were darkened. Sadness and gloom settled on every object and spread through the universe. And he in apprehension, in self condemnation, in hopeless wretchedness, taking a last look of his once blissful, glorious home, and then going forth into a rude, stormy, wilderness world, is the first illustration and preacher of our faith. His every son has followed in his footsteps.

We do not come into the world depraved, but innocent. Heaven is about us, and within us in our infancy. God is in the young heart. It is full of him. It sees every where promises and prophecies of good. All things are fair, happy, lovely. We are then in Paradise. But soon a sad change comes over us. Unholy desires are awakened. Vicious passions are aroused. Temptations, numerous and powerful, come upon us. We pause, listen, parley, fall, are lost. The beauty, glory, gladness depart. The voice of divine love and mercy is no longer heard in the groves, at still noon, or calm evening. We hear the rustling of the last angel's wings, as he departs and leaves us alone with our misery. We are driven from the blessed garden, which a pure heart had spread around us. Discontent and wretchedness, worms that knaw, and fires that burn, are now our portion. We imagine that we behold swords flaming and flashing over the gates, through which we most desire to pass. The history of Adam is the history of every man. Every man falls, gives way to the baser element of his nature. But how could he fall, if he was totally depraved at first? Therefore we say the records of our race and God's dealings with it, the experience, consciousness and observation of every person, that has arrived, at maturity on earth, has borne witness to the correctness of the views, we hold of man's nature. Can this portion of our faith tend to scepticism? When too the Unitarian, looks on nature and the movements of providence, he sees all in harmony with the sentiments and conceptions he has derived from the written revelation. He finds sermons not only in stones, but also in the beauty, riches, magnificence, diffused through the world, in the balmy spring, which smiles on all, in autumn, which bestows its bounties on all, in clouds which pour their treasures on all, in the deep serenity of the overhanging skies, in the starred robes of the solemn night, in the regal splender of the throned sun. All tell of God's impartial goodness, tender mercy, fatherly love, that it is his will, *all* should be saved, satisfied, holy, happy. Not a shadow, not a whisper, not an intimation of Calvinism is to be found in the universe. Its every energy, law, tendency, phenomenon, confirms the Unitarian in his view of its author's character.

What a shock must the student of Calvinistic theology often experience when, after filling his mind with feelings and thoughts, derived from that bitter, black, depressing source, he goes forth into the broad, gladsome day. He sees heaven's light and tenderness, descending and resting on all things. Every creature and object is cheerful, gay, bright, rejoicing. The tribes of earth and air, are revelling in delight. The gentle breezes are laden with melody, fragrance and freshness. A ray of infinte love appears to penetrate and irradiate every living thing. Joy is gushing and sparkling wherever he looks. All sing *His* praise. How must he be startled? Must he not feel mocked? Can he forbear asking himself: Can it be; is the God of Calvin indeed the God of nature—is there not some mistake? The impressions I here receive are of very different character from those I brought from my study. I see here no election, no wrath, nothing severe, stern, relentless. But these promptings of my carnal heart I must keep down. These glad voices of the world I must not hear. These still small tones of tenderness, I must not feel. They are the whispers and lures of the devil to seduce me from the truth. And the five points again chill, enwrap, overshadow his soul. We have felt the reverse shock (and few have not) as we have passed from this glowing, affectionate, smiling temple, into one made with hands. What a change! Without all was mild, gentle, serene, loving and lovely. Within all was hard, fierce, fearful, dreadful. Gloom was on every countenance. Every joyous, tender, hopeful emotion seemed frozen. Even the light of childhood became dark. Indignation, tribulation, anguish reigned supreme. The imagination was crowded with the most direful images, and the mind with the most sad feelings and fearful apprehensions. The beautiful light which streamed on the Sabbath morn, was thus turned into blood. Every one seemed relieved when he got out. He appeared to breathe more freely, to throw a load from his soul. Is there nothing here that tends to scepticism? There is much that sets strongly in that direction.

Nor have these tendencies been unfruitful. We are convinced they have produced a large portion of the professed and practical infidelity that exists. Reason and conscience will vindicate their divine right and power. They will be heard. They cannot be long suppressed or suspended. They will, at length, spurn whatever would blind and bind them. Whatever structure is reared on their violation, whether it be of wood, hay, stubble, or of gold, silver and precious stones, is destined to ruin. The wages of sin and error and wrong are death. The result cannot be long arrested. It is as certain as the decrees of Omnipotence. This is the fate that has already in part overtaken Calvinism. Men tolerate it—try to respect and believe it. But they do not really

respect or believe it. It has no place in their hearts, in their deeper convictions.

Whatever success has attended the open attacks of infidelity, has been obtained through the unreasonableness and injustice, the absurdities and contradictions of Calvinism. It has been effected by resting the infidel lever on its prominent points. Let Christianity appear in her native, majestic simplicity, at one with the divinest impulses and the highest reason, with the teachings of experience, history and all ages, with the ministrations of providence, the impressions and voices of nature, the universe and the God that is in them, pervades them, fills them, and nothing could by any means harm or resist her influence, or stay her progress to universal empire. She would silence, subdue, rule, and sanctify the world. But Calvinism and its kindred systems are stumbling blocks in her way. They expose her to the shafts of her foes. They exhaust her power and multiply the legions of evil she has to contend against and overcome. We might therefore with fairness and force retort the charge of skeptical tendencies. But we have no disposition to retort. We are not laboring to gain worthless victories, but to help forward the great interest of man, the truth as it is in Jesus.

### THE TESTIMONY OF SKEPTICS.

Professors Edwards and Park, in their preface to selections from German Literature, mention some skeptics, who after thorough investigation, come to the conclusion the Bible teaches Calvinism, that Christianity and Calvinism are but different terms for the same thing. This fact, they say, gives them new confidence in their views. This is one view of the case. But there is another that may be quite as good. If infidels should tell us, that they believe the Bible teaches Unitarianism, a book for which they have no respect, we confess we should think it a very doubtful cause of assurance. We would suggest to the learned gentlemen, whether identifying Christianity with Calvinism, may not be the source of the skepticism of these theologians. Have not its, and kindred doctrines been the abundant fountain of infidelity? Have not many of the most powerful assaults on our religion been made from this assumption? Is there a single able defence of its divine origin and authority, that does not avoid every allusion to Calvinism? What overthrew Christianity in France? It was gross errors, but not much more gross than those of Calvinism. Is it not an historical fact that infidelity has abounded in proportion as this and similar systems have been propagated, with vehemence and success? Can we not find the most hardened and licentious skepticism precisely in those places, where nothing but rank Calvinism has been preached? Is it not a fact that after conversing with infidels, we are convinced, that a majority of them have been made such by viewing Christianity through a Calvinistic medium. Our missionaries to the west say that this is almost always the case. And as soon as they are satisfied that not a shadow of Calvinism is on the bright robes of Jesus, they fall at his feet and sometimes bathe them with their penitent and grateful tears. We know many who would not as now glory in the name and cross of Christ if they had not been taught to separate his teachings from those of Calvin. We know some who would fly from Christianity as from a moral pestilence if they were obliged to view it in the stern dogmas and features of Calvin. We cannot associate Calvinism with Christ, the total depravity of our nature, with him who took little children in his arms and blessed them—his mild words, with its harsh denunciations, his tenderness, with its severity—his prayers, exhortations, entreaties, with moral inability—his universal sympathy and love, with the doctrine of election—his tears and blood, with the smoke and flames of eternal reprobation. It shocks and disgusts us to place, even in imagination, Calvin and Jesus together for a moment. They have nothing in common. We beseech our friends to think again before they rely on the testimony of infidels.

### REV. W. V. THACHER.

We know not when the death of a stranger has so deeply affected us. It excited emotions which will not soon subside. We have no desire they should. They purify and elevate us. They raise our thoughts and aspirations above the poor am bitionsand perishable objects of the world. So young, so loved, so fitted for usefulness, his summons hence presents one of those mysterious dispensations that demand the exercise of the highest trust and faith. Such instances of early maturity, in the noblest and loveliest attributes of the Christian character increase our confidence in those views and influences from which they derived their life and nourishment. Can any one read the history of his short, professional life without being convinced he was a true disciple, that Jesus dwelt in him richly, that he was filled with the holy spirit. Who then shall presume to say that those peculiar doctrines he did not and could not embrace, are essential to acceptance with God? Such a character, rebukes sectarian exclusiveness and narrowness, as with a voice from heaven. It is not for strangers to meddle with the sorrows of his family. But we may be allowed to assure them they share the respectful sympathy, of all who knew their most amiable friend while living, and whose eyes have filled with tears, when informed of his death so far from the bosom that cradled his infancy, the home of his youth and the hearts that so tenderly loved him. But friendship and love are not the only mourners. The truth has lost an earnest and enlightened advocate. The church laments the fall of a minister and an ornament—pure and undefiled religion, one of its brightest manifestations—society one of its most promising members. The account in our last paper from one who had long known him, we are certain, was read with interest. The following will be found equally so. It is the tribute of a more recent acquaintance—but well capable of appreciating whatever is beautiful in spirit and superior in character.

### REV. W. V. THACHER.

Extract from the conclusion of a Discourse, preached in Chareston, S. C. on Sunday the 4th of August, 1839.

'It is this day my melancholy duty to notice the triumphant ravages of disease in the instance of a youthful servant of God, who but a few weeks ago ministered for a short period in holy things in this very temple and spot.* He left our city apparently in vigorous health, and full of the most ardent expectations and sanguine plans for the ensuing year. His soul seemed to be absorbed in the duties of his profession, and he was intensely anxious with regard to the most effectual methods of communicating those views of divine truth, which are entertained by our denomination. His studious application and public exertions for this purpose, aggravated probably by the extraordinary heats of our early summer, laid, as I apprehend, the foundation of that short but severe disease, which terminated his earthly existence. About three weeks since, I received, from one of his friends in Savannah, a letter announcing the precarious state of his health, from which I will read one or two extracts, as introductory to the more interesting account of his lamented decease on board of the vessel which conveyed him from our Southern shores.

'I address you at the request of our friend, the Rev. Mr Thacher, to inform you that he sailed from here on Friday the 12th inst. for New York. I regret to say that he had been suffering from severe indisposition which had so entirely prostrated his strength as to render it impossible for him to write. He has been confined to his room a week, and was able to sit up but little during that time. His symptoms were accompanied by extreme debility, and great depression of spirits, and excitability of nerves, and it was thought by his other friends here, as well as his physician, that the most speedy and sure method of restoration was a return to his native air, and the society of his family. He preached his last discourse in this place on the last Sunday in June intending to preach two Sabbaths more. After his illness, it was, however, thought most advisable that he should proceed immediately to Boston.'

A fortnight after the reception of this letter, I received one from another friend in Savannah, whose lady had accompanied our lamented friend on the voyage. 'He was, indeed,' remarks the writer, 'an object worthy to be loved—with a sound head and a pure heart, and well may it be said of him, that he was formed of nature's finest clay, and tempered by the purest dews of heaven.' The lady of this correspondent, in her letter from the North, after detailing the rapid progress of his disease, gives the following account of the closing scene. 'From that time, Saturday evening, he did not notice any one. His mind seemed to be absorbed in religion and prayer, and the last effort of expiring nature was to raise his voice in a long rhapsody, as he himself called it—and though incoherent, it was full of beautiful and holy thoughts, uttered in a calm voice, and in his own peculiar, emphatic manner. And although the dews of death were upon his brow, I could not believe that he was to speak no more, so strong and impressive were his voice and manner. He even corrected a grammatical error he had made, and repeated the expressions over correctly. This was at sunset on Monday evening, and at a quarter before one on Tuesday morning, he breathed his last. His remains are deposited on Staten Island.'

I ask to be indulged, my friends, in a few additional remarks, as a full tribute to a short but most interesting friendship, which has been thus unexpectedly interrupted. Standing, as I do comparatively alone, on this division of the walls of our Zion, and in the enjoyment of so few clerical or ecclesiastical sympathies—I may be excused for noticing an event of this kind in so public a manner. Yet you are all interested in knowing, that a pure, faithful, and accomplished and pious man has rested from his very brief labors on earth. His ministrations in our sister city during the past winter, were accompanied by very encouraging success. Frank and intrepid in the announcement and defence of his views, his very zeal inspired respect, while the weight and purity of his character disarmed even prejudice of its power. His attachment to the ministry might almost be said to have been hereditary, as he was directly descended from a long line of some of the most eminent clergymen in New England, whose names extend on the Cambridge University Catalogue up to the earliest annals of that institution. He was one of those persons, who *grow* upon the esteem and love of his acquaintance. He combined in a remarkable degree a number of fine qualities which are generally supposed to be incompatible. Thus, notwithstanding his burning and lofty enthusiasm, his judgment was as cool and collected, and his views were as free from every sort of extravagance, as those of any young man I ever knew. To an infantile simplicity of heart and manner, he united the refinement of the best society, and an extensive knowledge of the world. But now I forbear. My intercourse with him was of too short a standing to extend this delineation of his character any farther, and I would not draw upon my imagination to entertain you with ideal traits. While recording these attributes, together with those more public qualifications of which you have yourselves had some opportunity to judge and seeing so fair a promise thus suddenly blasted, you will look up with me to our Heavenly Father and pray, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men!'

* Mr Thacher had exchanged pulpits with the preacher through the preceding month of April.

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Easy Exercises in Composition for the use of beginners. By John Frost, American Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. Second Edition. Stereotyped. Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co. 1839.

The design of this work is to make 'a course of exercises on pictures and real objects the starting point' with a view 'towards inculcating a natural and correct ,as well as an easy and graceful style of composition.' We never heard before of *inculcating* a style of composition. We hope we never shall again, especially in a work that aims at what is 'natural and correct.' But let us see how our author addresses himself to his task.

He first gives us fifty six pages of pictures, intended to represent familiar objects or scenes 'with a few simple directions as to the mode of rendering each object or scene the subject of a short essay in composition.' A Lama, an Opossum, a Reindeer, a Bison, a Puma, a Parrot caressed by a Lady, the Miser, a Thanksgiving Party, a Bear Hunt, Persians hunting Antelopes, with Chetahs or hunting Leopards, The Gipsies, The Gambler's Implements, with many others as bad, are given. We would ask whether they can be called *familiar* objects and scenes?

This is not the worst. The cuts are so miserably designed, drawn, and executed, that very little good can be expected to follow the exercise of examining and describing them. They appear to be old and worn-out cuts, *borrowed* for the occasion. We have rarely seen so miserable an array. The collector in great kindness has placed a name under each cut, otherwise one would scarcely be able to guess it out. And even this is not always sufficient, for two strange looking individuals, with guns upon their arms, are said to be a *sportsman*.

We sincerely wish these fifty six pages were torn out and thrown away.

Only two pages are devoted to real objects. They are the best in the book. Their subject matter is all taken from 'Mayo's Lessons on Objects.'

A variety of exercises and rules follow to eke out the work. We believe the whole to be of little value in the hands of children. An intelligent teacher would hardly need it for his own use, his pupils would certainly do better without it. Indeed, we hope the day is coming when children will be spared the trouble, and parents spared the expense, of so many school-books as are now required. Oral instruction, the blackboard, and especially the use of objects, on the part of the teacher; with slates and pencils, or pen and paper, on the part of the pupils; would be much more effective.

## INTELLIGENCE.

*Boston Light.*—A short time since we stated that a gentleman of this city, Mr. Greenough, had invented a new combustible material, which had been used instead of oil, in the Boston Light House since the 1st of April. Only seven of the lamps were filled with this new material, and seven with sperm oil. We now learn, that in order to render the experiment more satisfactory, all the lamps will soon be filled with the new material—which will be used for his purpose exclusively for several months. A beautiful and brilliant light is anticiparted.

*Rail Roads.*—There are about 4000 miles of rail roads in the U. States, engrossing a capital of at least $70,000,000.

*New Fowling Piece.*—Mr B. F. Smith of South Hadley has invented another gun, a cute specimen of Yankee ingenuity. The cock is out of sight, inside of the stock, and no ramrod is necessary.—The operation of loading is performed by four motions: first, an iron bolt is moved, by which the gun is cocked, and a place opened for the reception of the cartridge; second motion, cartridge dropped in; third motion, bolt replaced by which the cartridge is secured; fourth motion pull trigger. It has been fired twelve times in a minute.—We understand that it has met with the cordial approbation of several military and government officers, and that government is making arrangements for a lot of carbines, for which the invention seems admirably adapted.—*Northampton Courier.*

*Ibrahim Pacha.*—This extraordinary man seems destined to fill a large space in the history of the present age. He is the son of Mehemet Ali, the powerful Pacha of Egypt, and inherits the talents as well as ambition of his father. When the Mahommedan faith was threatened by the Wahabees, seven or eight years ago, Ibrahim at the head of an irregular force, penetrated into Arabia, defeated the formidable array of rebels with great slaughter, and carried their Princes, prisoners to Cairo.—Since then, he has paid great attention to the introduction of European discipline and tactics into his armies, and has done much towards improving the character of the Egyptian Navy. He conquered all Syria, which he now governs, as the Representative of his father—and that country will probably become the theatre of a sanguinary struggle, between the armies of the Sultan, and the troops of Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim. He has probably an army of nearly 100,000 men under his command—and his troops have the greatest confidence in his courage and military skill. A writer in an English Periodical, not long since, sums up his character in the following words: 'He is without doubt, a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded—his admiration of European institutions, and civilization great; but he avoids with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslem.'

If Ibrahim should succeed in defeating the armies of the Sultan, a fatal blow will be given to the Ottoman power in Europe.—*Mercantile Journal.*

*Uniform Postage.*—In a late London paper we find the following paragraph, too good, we fear, to be true. If such an arrangement as is there hinted at could be effected, it would form one of the most important strides ever made toward universal peace and good feeling.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

'Among the passengers who have reached this country by the Great Western, is a gentleman delegated on a special mission by the Post Office Department at Washington to the authorities of our general Post Office.—The object in view is one which will produce the greatest advantages in facilitating the commerce between Great Britain and the United States. If we are correctly informed, the special messenger from Washington is to make full inquiries into the plans of Mr. Rowland Hill for the establishment of a uniform penny postage, with the view of extending the system to the United States at the earliest possible convenience. Should the government of the United States adopt Mr. Hill's plan, letters will pass throughout the whole continent of the United States at the same rates as it is intended they shall shortly do in this country.'

*Slave Trade.*—The British ships of war seem to be actively engaged in putting a stop to the slave trade from Brazil. What are our ships doing? The New York Commercial gives some extracts from late Brazil papers, from which it appears that on the 31st of May, the English Brig of War Grecian, Lt. Com. Smith, arrived at Rio Janerio, incompany with the Portuguese schooner Recuperador, and the Portuguese Barque Maria Carlotta, which sailed a few days before for the coast of Africa, and were captured as *slave vessels*. Great excitement prevailed at Rio against the English in consequence of these captures, the populace threatening to murder all of that nation, and especially officers of the navy. The cargo of the barque was valued at more than $100,000, chiefly English goods.—*Mer Jour.*

*Shocking Accident and loss of Life.*—Mrs Margaret Fowle, the aged mother of Messers. James and H. D. Fowle, apothecaries at the corner of Green and Leverett streets, while riding with her younger son on the Neck, on Friday afternoon, was thrown from the chaise when near Wheeler's Grain Store, and survived the accident but a very few moments. The horse was frighted at a load of wood, and became unmanageable. The chaise then struck against a tree, both shafts were broken, and Mrs. Fowle and her son thrown upon the pavement. Her face struck upon the curbstone, mangling it most shockingly. We are happy to state that Mr. Fowle received but a slight injury.—*Courier*

*Professorship of Oriental Literature in Harvard University.*—It will give great pleasure to the friends of learning in our country to know, that, by the liberality of some of the East India merchants in Boston, the University in Cambridge has recently been enabled to offer new advantages for the pursuit of Oriental studies, by securing the services of an able scholar, Mr. William Adam, who has just been appointed *Professor of Oriental Literature*. Mr. Adam, has resided upwards of twenty years in the East Indies, where he secured to himself the warmest regard of the American and other residents. He speaks familiarly the Hindostanee, Persian and some other dialects in common use there; he is also acquainted with that extraordinary language of ancient India, the *Sanscrit*, which is now well known to be so intimately connected with the Greek, Latin and Northern languages of Europe, that a knowledge of it is indispensable to a philologist at the present day. In addition to the languages of his stock, Mr. Adam has a knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and kindred dialects of the class or stock, commonly called the Semitic languages.

A new impulse will now be given to Oriental studies, generally, which, with a few honorable exceptions, have been too long in a feeble and languishing state in our country, though cultivated in Europe with more ardour than at any former period; and we are glad to hear, that some of the residents at the University have already availed themselves of the advantages now offered in this department of learning.

To those persons who measure all subjects, intellectual or physical, by what is commonly called *utility*, it may not be amiss to remark, that young men going to India, as supercargoes or otherwise, will now have the means of acquiring such a knowledge of the most useful current languages of that country, as will enable them to hold direct intercourse with the natives on the subjects of their business or other concerns, without being obliged to rely on ignorant or faithless interpreters. A still higher advantage, perhaps, will result in the case of those persons who are destined for the East as Missionaries, and whose great object will be, through the medium of the languages of that region, to prepare the way for the introduction of the Christian religion. They will now have an opportunity of engaging in such a preparatory course of study in various Eastern languages, as will be of the highest importance on their arrival in that quarter of the world.

These direct and immediate benefits, however, important as they may be, are not presented as the only, or most solid grounds of congratulation. Our national reputation demands, that, with our abundant pecuniary means, adequate provision should be made in our great seminaries of learning for instruction in this, and others of the higher departments of knowledge. There are frequent instances of individuals among us, who would rejoice at an opportunity of pursuing these studies profoundly, and thus conferring the highest honor upon their country, in all those departments as solid learning, which alone will enable us to take rank with the eminent scholars of the old world.—*Dai Adv.*

*Texas.*—The Texan papers, received by the Columbia, confirm the accounts over-land, of two battles having fought, the 15th and 16th inst. between the Indians and Texans, near the headwaters of the Nueces river. The Indian force is reckoned at five or six hundred—that of the whites about 900. The Indians were forced to retreat, but are said to have carried off their wounded and left no prisoners. The Texans lost about five men killed, and about twenty-six were wounded. They were in pursuit of the savages when the last letters were despatched.

There can be no longer any doubt as to Texas being engaged in a war with the Indians, to the North of their settlements. This may prove a very serious and protracted struggle. The number of Indian tribes are said to be about thirty. Only a few warriors from the most considerable nations were with Bowles in the late actions; but now the warwhoop is given against the Texans, it is probable many young men among the Cherokees, Creeks and Seminoles will take up the hatchet. Indeed, we should not be surprised to hear of bands of more Northern Indians mingling in the contest.—N. O. Courier

Calcutta papers to 8th May were received at London on the 9th inst, by over-land mail. They contain important intelligence from Canton to 16 March, which had been just received by an arrival at Madras. Commissioner Lin, who had been sent from Pekin to put an end to the opium trade, on his arrival at Canton, ordered every member of the houses of Jardine & Co. and Dent & Co., two of the largest opium dealers there, to leave China immediately; and Mr Innes, who had been previously ordered to Macao, was ordered to leave that place, and quit the country. The next proceeding of the Commissioner was to order a second man, who had been detected in smuggling opium, to be executed in front of the European factories. On this occasion, the execution was performed so suddenly, that there was no chance for opposition on the part of the Europeans. By way of resenting the indignity, however, the English Superintendent of the factory at the request of his countrymen, and also the American and Spanish residents, struck each their respective flags, which were usually displayed over their buildings. Business of all kinds was at a stand.

It is truly humiliating to witness the desperate struggle of the English and American merchants in India, to sustain the opium trade, against the laws and benevolent efforts of the government. Men from professedly Christian nations engaged, against the wishes, laws, and efforts of the government, in a traffic known to be destructive, in its consequences to the health, life, and morals of the people. Of how little avail must be all the efforts made to christianize the inhabitants of India, while Christian shop owners and traders thus not only set at defiance, the wholesome laws of the country, but for selfish ends are ready to sacrifice both the physical and moral well being of their fellow men.

*From Canton.*—By an arrival at New York, we have advices from Canton of several days later date than the information in yesterday's paper. The China authorities continue to press the Opium laws with extreme vigor, for which indeed, we cannot reasonably blame them. If they intend that their government shall be at all respected, the defence of their laws, in points where their violation was fast becoming habitual, ought to be worth a struggle. It will be seen that very active measures have been taken up at Macao, and the officers threaten to visit every house for the purpose of investigating the sources of the illicit traffic. Those countries which call themselves civilized, have always carried their derision for barbarous, or what they designate as barbarous countries to most unjustifiable extent; but whatever opinion we may have of the principles or the condition of visiting Chinese civilization, we cannot excuse deberate and wholesale violation of the laws and customs of a country, with which we profess to stand on terms of amity. In the two letters below, will be found all the particulars received:

*From Canton.*—By the Omega, we have Canton dates to March 25th. They announce the stoppage of the tide altogether, and measures of vigor on the part of the government of China against the deadly trade in opium, which bid fair to be effectual. We give below an extract of a letter from a most respectable source.—*Journal of Commerce.*

MACAO, March 25th, 1839.

Matrs appear to be fast hastening to a crisis in this port with regard to the opium trade, and I hope the result will be the opening of the empire. The commissioner now in Canton has taken hold of the business as none of his predecessors have ever done, and the Chinese government has shown a good deal of strength. On the 22d the trade stopped, and no foreigners allowed to leave Canton, and the next day an officer and a posse of soldiers entered the factory of Dent & Co., demanding Mr. Dent for his contumacy not leaving the country at the order of the emperor.

Mr Dent not being present, Mr. Inglis went into the city with the officer, accompanied by Thom and Morrison as interpreters. Elliot sent around a circular on the 23d in Macao, stating that he had ordered the British part of the opium fleet back to Houkong in company with the Sarne sloop of war, and there to put themselves in a state of defence. He left Macao for Cion the same evening, in order to demand passports for all Brittish subjects to leave Canton, but we have not yet heard the result. Most of the Lintain opium have been in Macao Roads for the last few days and today the opium in Macao is all being reembarked on board ship, as the commissioner has threatened to search all the houses in Macao for it. The government has received orders to fit up a house for the Commissioner, and they are making ready the tavern on the Praya Grande, near the landing place for his reception. There are 20 war-junks anchored in the Roads. The people in Macao are in great trouble, for if the opium trade is cut off from the place they have a sad prospect of starvation, or at least great misery before them. But in the eradication of an evil of the magnitude of this trade, we must expect much distress; if the effect is healing the sore in a measure of a deadly evil, the distress is but small proportion to the good. It is estimated that there are a thousand chests in the place, and worth amounting to 20 millions on board ship, all which it is expected must go to Singapore. We are anxiously awaiting the result of the imprisonment of foreigners in Canton, and the summoning of Minglis into the city.

I understand that a gentleman, connected with a house of the first respectability at Canton, has received a letter of a date later than the above, which states that Mr. Inglis had been liberated by the Chinese and that he was treated courteously by them while in custody.—*Adv.*

The Rev. M. Harding's engagement with the Unitarian Parish at Stow, Massachusetts, having terminated, he is now at liberty to engage with any other Parish that may need his services. A line addressed either, to himself at Stow, or to the Rev. C. Briggs, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association Boston, will be attended to.

### FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

☞ It is in contemplation to publish, at the office of the Boston Mercantile Journal, a weekly paper with the above title, to be devoted to the interests of TEMPERANCE, MORALITY and LAW, and to serve as a vehicle for the diffusion of intelligence and remarks having a bearing on the LICENSE LAW. Provided sufficient encouragement is given, the first number will be issued on a small sheet, on SATURDAY, the 17th of August, and continued for 12 successive weeks.

The price of subscription for the whole term will be TWENTY-FIVE CENTS *payable in advance;* and no package will be made up and sent from the office containing less than four copies. Subscribers for a less number than four copies can obtain them at the office of publication.

Our friends in the city and in the country, who are inclined to assist in the undertaking, can procure subscription papers at the counting-room of the Mercantile Journal, in Wilson's Lane.

Boston, July 27, 1839. is3t a 3

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday morning, by the Rev. Mr Young, Benjamin Ingell, Esq. of Taunton, to Miss Amy Harris.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr Himes, Mr William Forister to Miss Hannah M. Shurtleff.

In Taunton, Aug. 5. Mr Abiel Wheeler, merchant of New Orleans, to Miss Eliza Fales, eldest daughter of Dr. George Leonard of T.

In Nashua, N. H. Mr Charles T. Ridgway to Miss Abby F. Ingalls.

In Watertown, Jefferson Co. N. Y. 21st ult. Zebulon H. Benton, Esq. of Oxbow, to Miss Caroline Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers.

## DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Susan, wife of Mr Stephen Withington, 73; William, child of Mr Wm. Haskell, 1.

In this city, Aug. 8. Capt. Edwin Blake, aged 48, formerly of Hingham.

In Brighton, 9th inst. Miss Catharine E. Cook 21.

In Newton, Aug. 11. of consumption, Mrs Abagail, wife of Mr Jacob Adams, 63.

In Wrentham, Aug. 8. very suddenly, Mrs Charlotte, wife of James A. White of this city.

In Hardwick, Ms. Aug. 9. Miss Mary Ann Randall, 23.

In Nantucket, Aug. 8. of consumption, Mrs Anna B. wife of Mr. William Smith of Boston.

In Wheatfield, Niagara Co. N. Y. July 28, Mrs Elizabeth, Wife of Dr Edwin Cook, and daughter of the late Mr David Hunt, of Northampton, Ms. 42.

In New Orleans, of yellow fever, Crpt John R. Kemp, of Marblehead, 31.

In Gonaives, Hayti, Mr Daniel R. Draper, son of Mr Lemuel Draper, formerly of Portsmouth N. H. 28.


CLASS OF 1827.

A MEETING of the class of 1829, will be held at the American House, 42 Hanover Street, on the evening of Commencement day, at 8 o'clock.

W. GRAY. E. WESTON, JR. ALBERT LOCKE. E. L. CUNNINGHAN. G. W. PHILLIPS. R. R. CURTIS. } Committee of Arrangements.

august 17

THE MISSES GROVES' boarding and day school for young ladies, will re-open on Sept. 3d. 3t august 17

COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN, for 50 cts. By the will of a gentleman in Scotland, several cheap editions of this valuable work were issued with special reference to circulation among all classes, a portion of the expense being borne by his bequest. The cheapness of the present edition brings it within the reach of all.

WEEK'S, JORDAN & CO Aug 17.

FOR 12 1-2 CENTS.—Hints for the Young in relation to the Health of Body and Mind. Price 12 1-2 cts. For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. Aug. 17.

NEW BOOKS, &c.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO'S. WEEKLY LIST.—Walker on Intermarriage; Marryatt's Dairy. 2 vols—$1 50; do do, 1 vol—50 cents.
Fanny and other Poems—by Halleck.
Mentell's Wonders of Geology, 2 vols.
Brougham's Sketches of Statesmen.
Schoolcraft's Algic Researches, 2 vols.
Gentleman's Magazine—with engravings.
Lady's Book—with engravings, colored;
Knickerbocker; Colman's Miscellany.
Waldie's Select Library; Law Reporter, (select cases.)
Jack Sheppard No. 4; Nicholas Nickelby, No. 16.
Sketches by Boz, No. 10—for sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO, Aug. 17.

STATIONARY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—Superroyal, Medium, Demy, Cap and Pot Papers; Letter Papers of various qualities; white, blue and fancy colored Letter Paper, ruled Letter Paper, Note Paper, assorted colors; Quarto Post and Billet Papers of satin surface.

A large assortment of Steel Pens, from the most approved manufacturers, comprising the latest and most approved kinds. Also, Pen holders.

English and Russia Quills.

INK—in bottles of various sizes, blue and red Ink, English japan Ink, Ink Powder.

Sealing Wax, red and black, fine and extra superfine, embossed and assorted colors. Wafers of all sizes and colors. Transparent Wafers.

Everpointed Silver Pencil Cases, Leads for do.; Lead Pencils, Sand Boxes, Inkstands various kinds, Letter Stamps, Portfolios, a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Card Cases, Visiting Cards, Wallets, Memorandum Books, &c. Rodgers & Sons' Penknives, Scissors and Razors, Dressing Combs, Fancy Soaps; Hair, Cloth and Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powder, Pocket Maps, Porcelain Slates, Transparent Slates, Indelible Ink, Albums &c.

For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street, corner of Brattle street. aug 3

SABBATH RECREATIONS; or Select Poetry of a Religious kind, chiefly taken from the works of modern Poets; with original pieces never before published. By Miss Emily Taylor. First American revised edition, in which many pieces have been withdrawn from the English copy and others substituted. By John Pierpont. Just published, and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington Street. august 17.

CURIOUS BOOK OF TRAVELS. The Voiage and Travailes of Sir John Maundeville, Knight, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and of marvayles of Inde, with other islands and countryes. Just received and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington Street. august 17.

MASON'S CHALLENGE BLACKING.

THE Manufacturer of this article returns his acknowledgements to merchants and Dealers generally for the liberal support he has hitherto enjoyed. He begs to assure them that he will make every effort to deserve their future favors.

The Challenge Blacking is now in daily use throughout the United States, and the Manufacturer feels great satisfaction in being able to say, on the authority of disinterested merchants, that its claims are superior to anything they have seen of the kind.

Manufactory No. 95 Callowhill street, Philadelphia—a few doors below Third, north side.

For sale in Boston, by Harrington & Fisk, 48 Congress street. jy6

PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL.

THOSE parents, who wish to give their children a thorough English Education, where they may escape the evils incident to city schools, are respectfully informed that Mr C. A CUMMINGS will take a few more pupils into his private boarding Academy at Quincy, Mass., if early application be made.

Refer to Rev. Messrs Whitney and Lunt, pastors of the Unitarian Church Quincy.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition $25 00 per quarter. june 8 eop6mo

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received by the Tenedos, by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street—
London's Hortus Lignosus Londinensis, 1 vol—Giles's English Poets—History of Madagascar, by the Rev. W. Ellis—Progress of Russia in the East, with a Map—Lives of the Sacred Poets, by R. A. Willmott, Esq.—The Florist Cultivator, by T. Willats, Esq.—The London Flora, 1 vol—The Practical Farmer's Manual—The Vintners, Brewers, &c. Guide, 1 vol—Opthalmic Surgery, by Travers and Green—Treatise on Geology, by Biblical Dalvinus—Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 1 vol—Lovelass on Wills, by A. Barron, Esq.—The Doctrine and Practice of Equity, by G. Goldsmith—Edinburgh Review, 37 vols—do do 21 vols—Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols—Mackenzie's Travels, 4to—North West Fox or Fox on the N. W. Passage, 1635—Taylor's Plato, 5 vols 4to—Strutt's British Sylva—Priors life of Burke—Aubrey's Letters, 3 vols—Shaftsbury's Characteristics, 3 v—Posbroke's Encyclopedia of Antiquities 2 vols 4to—Milman's Life of Gibbon, 8vo—Percy Reliques, new edition, Nos. 1—4—Apulius's Golden Age, 8vo—Horace Walpole's Works, 5 vols 4to, calf—Hindoo Code of Laws, 4to—Aubrey's Miscellany, 3 vols—De Pauw on the Greeks, 2 vols—Select Tracts on the Civil Wars in the Reign of Charles 1st, 2 vols—Reports to Parliament on Railways, folio—Dibden's Tour, 3 vols—Fletcher's Purple Island—Herrick's Poems, 2 vols 4to—Hume's Philosophical Works, 4 vols—Spence's Polymetis, folio—Walton's Angler, 8vo, calf—Dilluyn's Shells—Howell's Letters—Abdekin, or the Art of Preserving Beauty—Old Plays, 2 vols, calf—Palgrave's English Commonwealth, 2 vols 4to, half calf—Tusser's Good Husbandry, 8vo—Lily's Life (the Astrologer)—Memoirs of Literature, 8 vols, second edition—Roscoe's Pope, 10 vols 8vo—Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer, 5 vols 8vo, to match the edition of works by Roscoe—Polwhile's Traditions and Recollections, 2 vols 8vo—De Staël's Germany, 3 vols—Granger's Biographical Dictionary, 6 vols 8vo—Communications to the Board of Agriculture of Great Britain, 7 vols 4to, second edition—Forbe's Oriental Memoirs, 3 vols, fine plates—Parke's History of the Court of Chancery—Malcolm's History of Persia, 2 vols, &c. &c. a 17

A DISCOURSE ON SLAVERY.—Delivered before the Anti Slavery Society in Littleton, N. H., Feb. 22d, 1839, by W. L. Wilson. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. august 3

NEW BOOKS.—Brougham's Statesmen of George III.
Roget's Physiology and Phrenology. 8vo.
Marryatt's Diary in America.
Undine from the German.
Lady Blessington's Thoughts.
Solomon Seesaw.
Walker on Intermarriage.
Bride of Fort Edward.
The Last Days of the Savior.
Marshall's Writing.
Sunday Morning Reflections, &c.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. august 10

FARR'S FAMILY PRAYERS.—Forms of Morning and Evening Prayers, for the use of families, by Jonathan Farr. Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. august 17

BROOKS' FAMILY PRAYERS, 10th ed.—A Private Prayer Book and Private Manual, to which are added forms for Religious Societies and Libraries, with a collection of Hymns, by Charles Brooks, 10th ed. Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. august 17

SEWALL'S PRAYERS, 2 ed.—Daily Devotions for a family, with occasional prayers. 'Cause us to hear of thy loving kindness, O Lord, in the morning; for in Thee do we trust; cause us to know the way wherein we should walk; for we lift up our souls unto Thee.' Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. aug 17

ENGLISH BOOKS.—Treatise on Physiology and Phrenology, from the 7th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, by P. M. Roget, M. D.; Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs Shelley, in 4 vols; Hints on Horsemanship, to a nephew and niece, or common sense and common errors in common riding, by an officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry.
The complete Angler, 8vo, plates.
Lectures on Eelctricity, Galvanism and Electro-Magnetism—by Henry M. Noad. For sale at TICKNOR'S. 135. Washington street.

BROUGHAM'S STATESMEN of the Times of George III. 1st series—for sale at TICKNOR'S.

A GOOD LIFE—From the True Plan of a Living Temple. Containing a description of a well spent day—The social relations and general aspects of Life and Estimates of Life as the dawning of an eternal day. 'This Book,' says the Christian Examiner, 'can be recommended without reserve as a sort of whole duty of man, to be put into the hands of persons of all descriptions.' Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. august 17.

*TO THE LADIES.*

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

*BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.*

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Massey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 Always in advance.
" one quarter, Winter or Spring, 50 Always in advance.
Summer or Fall, 45 Always in advance.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.
Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.
Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.
Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.
Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.

Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.

A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.

A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.

D. MACK, *Principal.*
*Cambridge, Aug. 10th, 1838.* n 24

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
24 Commercial St., Boston.
jy 20 is1aw6mo

*REMOVAL.*

E. F. NEWHALL has removed to the spacious rooms No. 141 Washington street, nearly opposite the Old South Church, and has just added to his stock a large and splendid assortment of new *SHAWLS*, plain and figured Silks, rich Chalies,

## POETRY.

### LINES,

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I knew that we must part—day after day
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way;
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
As on my ear its prophet warning fell;
Feeble and slow thy once light footsteps grew,
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
Thy thin hot hand, to mine more weakly clung,
Each sweet 'Good-night' fell fainter from thy tongue.
I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek;
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart.
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we *have parted*, Mary—thou art gone!
Gone in thy innocence, meek-suffering one.
Thy weary spirit, breathed itself to sleep
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,
And those fond watchers who around thee stood,
Felt even then, that God was ever good.
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
As if to thee in that dread hour 'twere given
To *know* on earth, what faith *believes* of Heaven:
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest;
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,
And touched each feature with a new born grace;
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,
And told that life's poor cares had passed away.
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

Yes we have parted, Mary—thou art dead!
On its last resting place I laid thy head.
Then by the coffin-side knelt down, and took
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look;
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned;
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;
Ah! *then* I *felt* that thou hadst passed away,
That the sweet face I gazed upon was clay:
And then came Memory with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long:
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee, heard thee as in days of old.
Sad and more sad, each sacred feeling grew,
Manhood was moved and sorrow claimed her due;
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,
I turned away—and *felt* that we *had parted*.

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GRAY HAIRS.—By Lord Vaux.

These hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray!
They be of death, the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun—
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound
Whose music is harmonical;
Their tunes declare, a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall;
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that gray hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant,
That, after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent;
God grant, likewise, that they may see
Upon their head such hairs to be.

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THE SAILOR IN A STORM.

Sonnet, by R. Southey.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here,
Soft shelter'd, as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succor near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
Then in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

---

AN ODE.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No;—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,—
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend dissention like a vapor sinks,
And e'en th' all dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the New York Observer.]

### THE WESTERN PRAIRIES.

These great savannas of Missouri and Illinois, have been described a hundred times over, in books and newspaper paragraphs; and I have not the vanity to suppose, that I can say any thing about them, which has not been better said by others. Nevertheless, as to me, the spectacle was entirely novel and exceedingly interesting, I may perhaps venture to put down some of my impressions, as well as I am able. The first view I had, which was of the low flat prairies on the Mississippi, did not, I confess, come up to my expectations. I could not perceive how they differed from some of those extensive salt marshes which I had so often seen upon the sea-board. The grass was not much higher, and at a distance, could not be distinguished from the ordinary growth of the salt meadow. Afterwards I saw many other prairies, more or less extensive, of the same level and monotonous character, on the Illinois river and elsewhere, and found it quite impossible to admire them; the more so, on account of the great rains, which made the travelling very heavy in crossing them, and now and then prompted the unwelcome request from our stage coach man, that we would get out and wade, (*walk*, I think he phrased it,) for, continued he, in the language of the country, 'I am afraid we shall get *stalled* in the *slew*.' In the wettest parts of those flat prairies, the grass is coarse and sedgy, and grows very tall. Where the fires sweep over them late in the fall, or early in the spring, the young growth is for a short time extremely slender and nutricious. But although I should myself never think of settling down upon one of these dead-level bottoms, and cannot in conscience say, that I think them either grand or beautiful, few of them are so wet, but that in ordinary seasons, they may be cultivated; and they often bring as heavy crops as the richest soil can yield.

But the *rolling* prairies are of a very different and far more interesting character. Many of the inequalities of the ground are gentle swells, like the billows of the ocean in a calm. Others rise higher, sometimes sloping off on all sides with surpassing gracefulness, and sometimes extending the most beautiful sites imaginable for detached dwellings, or charming villages. I have said that I do not like the flat prairie at all; but when level tracts are interspersed with undulations and wooded islands, stretching away to the distant horizon, they serve to heighten the effect, which for solitude, grandeur and beauty, far surpasses what my imagination had ever depicted.

After I left the Mississippi, and entered the prairie region of Illinois, I could not for some time get rid of the impression, that it was an old country, which an industrious race of men had cleared up, and occupied for centuries; but from which they had been swept off, with all traces of their existence, at a period so remote, that the wave of oblivion has long since rolled over it. I do not mean that this is my *theory*—for whoever may have been in possession of the country, far back of our most ancient historical records, I do not believe it was ever covered with such forests as you see in Kentucky and Ohio, or on the upper Mississippi. Certainly, the annual fires of the hunter, have from time immemorial, kept them clear of timber, except near the water courses, where it has found adequate and effectual protection.

The largest prairie that I crossed, lies somewhere about midway between *Springfield* and *Peoria*. I do not know that its undulations are more beautiful, or its ever-changing aspects more charming, than what you see and admire on a smaller scale between *Ottaway* and *Juliet*. But its apparent boundlessness where we were in the midst of it, and its green billows just ruffled by the breeze on every side, as far as the eye could reach, struck me with an indescribable awe, now rising to the sublime and now melting into wonder and delight.

It was just past the middle of June, when I crossed this magnificent prairie. The grass was about eighteen inches high, very thick, and of the finest summer verdure. The wild flowers of the season were in their glory. The day was hot, though not oppressive—for the breezes fanned it. There were just clouds enough in the sky to give alternate shade and sunshine, as they flitted over the boundless expanse. To my imagination, it was the great ocean, into which I was launching, dotted with islands, and here and there enlivened by the appearance of a tall merchantman, in the edge of the horizon. The belts and patches of fine woodland, some of them so distant, that you can only see the dark outline, are the islands, and the single majestic trees are the merchantmen, now beating up proudly against the wind, and now spreading all their sails, as they fly before it. You need not tell me that it was all an illusion! What if it was? Did I enjoy it the less? No—but rather the more. It was a fairy ocean, which is never lashed by the tempest; but all the livelong summer lies spread out in gladness and beauty, drinking in the rain and the dew, and rejoicing in the sweet light of heaven. It was enchantment; and how could I wish the spell ever to be broken? But the stage-man's horn sounded; we were already at the landing, and I had time only to 'cast a few longing lingering looks behind,' while fresh horses were brought out to speed us on our way.

It is said there is one prairie in Illinois which is no less than *fifty* miles over. This is called the *grand prairie*, as well it may be; and I suspect that most of the smaller ones are connected by narrow strips of verdure winding about among the 'timbers,' like the straits and arms of the sea, among clusters of beautiful islands.

The question has often been asked, 'how the prairies of the west, especially the largest of them, are ever to be settled? How can any body live without firewood, fencing and building timber? Who would be willing, if he could take up a township for nothing, to launch out, ten or twenty miles from every landmark, and occupy it?'

Now it cannot be denied, that the scarcity of woodland is a very great objection to some of the most fertile tracts in Illinois and Missouri. But the objection is so far from being insuperable, that a few years will greatly weaken if not obviate it entirely. In many places, perhaps all, you have only to keep the fires off, and a young growth of oak, walnut, ash, tulip, &c., will spring up of its own accord. I noticed a great many such fine embryo forests about the settlements, where a few years ago there was not a shrub nor a leaf to be seen. Besides, wood and timber may be planted, anywhere and every where, with the certainty of a far more rapid growth than we are accustomed to observe in the northern and eastern states. The black locust, particularly, which makes excellent timber, grows with astonishing rapidity. There is supposed to be more wood and timber at this time, in central and northern Illinois, than there was ten years ago; and I have no doubt there will be much more ten years hence than there is now. The prairies will soon be all taken up; and there is nothing in the way of their becoming densely populated. Already several flourishing settlements are springing up far out upon these smooth and leafless undulations, and the busy hum of industry is breaking in upon the silence and solitude of a thousand years. One of these settlements is just commenced on the great prairie which I have attempted to describe, under the most encouraging auspices. Two years ago, a company of enterprising farmers with a joint capital of $44,000, in Rhode Island, sent out an agent to select and purchase a township of 23,000 acres. To the astonishment of every body in the vicinity, he *located* his township in the midst of the prairie. I believe there was not a single tree or bush on the whole tract. But the long swells and other inequalities of the surface are extremely beautiful, and the soil is of the richest quality.

The company highly approved of the selection; named the town *Delevan*, and commenced by erecting a very large house, near the water, which now serves for a hotel and a church, and accommodates the families as they successively arrive, till they can erect houses for themselves. This each settler does upon his own portion of the tract, an equitable division having been made soon after it was purchased. Several of these families are already comfortably settled; large fields, partly with turf enclosures, are under cultivation, and there is every prospect that here the delighted traveller will soon find an industrious, virtuous and highly prosperous community—especially as one of the articles of compact is, that no ardent spirits shall ever be brought into the town and sold, or used as a drink. If they can keep out alcohol, with its 'legion of devils,' there is nothing to prevent them from being one of the most happy and independent communities in the state. O what a blessing would it be to the great West, if thousands of other rising settlements would go and do likewise!

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### A WEDDING AT ALGIERS.

This evening I went to the wedding of the daughter of the cadi, or chief judge. The bride is a lovely creature, a widow of nineteen, and has two beautiful children. Her first husband was strangled, and it has since been proved that he was perfectly innocent of the offence of which he had been accused. But whatever her feelings of regret may have been, she could not avoid entering again into the conjugal state, as singleness or widowhood is considered alike sinful and discreditabe. Her family, therefore, have lost no time in finding her another husband. I found her surrounded by a crowd of most brilliantly dressed ladies; indeed my eyes were perfectly dazzled by the splendor of the jewels by which the *salmas* (i. e. golden caps) and persons were covered; whole boquets of roses, jasamines, peacocks' feathers, and butterflies, were completely formed of diamonds. In short, by powers of description are baffled, for it would be useless to attempt to give an account of all the wonders on which I gazed. Nor was I less struck with the number of beautiful women amongst them. They are quite as fair a Europeans, and their eyes far surpassed in brilliancy any beauty I had ever beheld. Nothing could exceed their courtesy and the poteness of their reception. I was placed on the same low sofa with the bride, but would willingly have exchanged my seat for a higher one, had there been such in the room, for I could not attempt imitating my fair hostesses in the tailor manner of sitting, and the sofa was merely a brocade-covered mattress placed upon the floor. The gratification of my curiosity compensated for such trifling inconveniences. Shortly after our entrance we were served with coffe and sweetmeats. The coffee was served in the most delicately beautiful porcelain cups, about the size of dolls tea cups; and, in lieu of saucers, they were inserted in golden chased cups which enable one to hold it without burning one's fingers, the coffee being quite boiling, but disagreeably thick, and, to my taste, oversweetened. After we had partaken of these refreshments, a band of female musicians, playing upon a kind of guitar, and a curiously shaped drum made of earthenware, and covered at one end with parchment, called at Tambouca, and several tambourines, began their strange music, and at the same time a hired dancer stood up in the centre of the apartment holding an embroidered handkerchief in each hand, which she waved and twisted about, and scarcely moving her feet she threw herself in various attitudes. After a time, another dancer stood up, performing in the same manner, and both sung a plaintive song to the apparent satisfaction of the assembly, for it is inconsistent with their ideas of propriety and decorum for ladies of rank and respectability to dance. And those who do so are inferior persons, whose trade and profession it is to exhibit themselves for the amusement of those who pay them for such performances.

After this exhibition had continued some time, the bride, conducted by some of the principal ladies ascended a few steps to one of the shelves or bed-places, which invariably occupy each end of all Algerine rooms; and having seated herself upon cushions, her companions proceeded to make great changes in her toilet and appearance, some of them adding ornaments to her already highly adorned *salma*, while others occupied themselves in actually plastering her lovely face with a profuse quantity of red paint, to which they added patches of gold leaf, so as effectually to mask and disfigure her. I was then invited through the interpretation of the Italian lady who accompanied me, to pay a visit to the bridegroom, which I very willingly agreed to, and was conducted to a room on the opposite side of the gallery. After having passed under several tiers of brocade, silk and muslin curtains, we found ourselves in the presence of the bridegroom. He was an elderly Turk, with but one eye, and equally fat as was the contrast between his appearance and that of his lovely bride, was the change from the noise, show and company of her apartment, to the quiet and sombre appearance of his, although both were handsomely hung with crimson silk damask. He had only one companion, a middle aged Turk, and they both looked very dull and stupid, until on his asking me if I thought his wife (whom he had now seen) handsome, and on hearing my agreeable answer, he stroked his beard with great satisfaction, and said '*Star buono, Signora star buono.*' While we sat with him, his friend took his leave; and as the time for the introduction of the bride approached, we also returned to her apartment, and found her additional toilet quite completed. Indeed, with so many additional jewels had she been decorated, that she was quite unable to bear the weight of her *salma* without the support of her attendants, who walked on each side of her, and held her head. At the moment of her leaving the room, a veil of purple crape, splendidly embroidered in gold, small pearls, and precious stones, was thrown over her head.

In this array she was conducted to the door of the bridegroom's chamber, amidst the universal cry from each individual present of '*Lai, lai, lai, lella*'—a sound of great joy, always raised at marriages by the assembled guests. The curtains were raised, but only a certain number of the company, probably the nearest relatives, entered, and conducted the veiled bride to a seat on the left of the bridegroom, who continued seated. Her veil was then removed by one of the ladies, and for the first time the old Turk beheld his wife, or rather her masked countenance. An old woman, who had taken an active part in the whole ceremony, took from the hands of a black woman a small silver ewer containing rose water, and approached the bride whom she addressed. The bride then raised her two hands, and extending their hollowed palms, the officiating lady filled them with rose water out of the ewer. The bridegroom then, turning round, drank it out of the bride's hands. He then underwent a similar ceremony, the bride drinking out of his hands. During all this time the shouts of '*Lai, lai lai,*' continued unceasingly, both from those within and those on the outside of the chamber. This ending the cermony, we and the rest of the company took our leave of this paired, not matched couple.'—*Six Year's Residence in Algiers.*

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[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

### THE BURIAL AT SEA.

'On Sunday, 11th November, I was called from my berth at an early hour, to see a sick passenger in the steerage. This was the first I had heard of his illness, though he had been complaining, as I afterwards learned, for several days. Upon descending into his apartment I found him senseless and dying. I was then told that he was not in good health when he came on board at New York, but that it was only for a few days that he had been complaining particularly, and indeed, thirty-six hours before I saw him he had been on deck. His disease appeared to be of the lungs, which I suppose the voyage and the unfavorable weather had aggravated and hurried to its issue. No one on board had sufficient knowledge of medicine for him, and indeed his case did not admit of relief. It was distressing in the last degree to see a poor fellow-creature lying as he then was, with no means of helping him. In all the discomforts of the steerage, without a friend in the ship of nearer kindred than that of common humanity, 2,000 miles from the American coast, and 1,000 from that of Europe, and now without the power of speech, or even of making a sign by the hand or the eye, he was struggling with death. The captain and mate were very kind and attentive, but no human hand could give him help. I saw him several times during the day, and found no change in him till about four o'clock, P. M., when I saw him last, a few minutes after which he died. As to his history, I learned from one of his fellow passengers in the steerage, to whom he had communicated some things concerning himself, that he was a native of Switzerland, and that he had been a soldier in the wars of Napoleon, that he had been in the United States with his wife in search of a son who had left them to go to America some time before, that his wife died there, and not being able to hear any thing of his son, he had set out to return to his own country. How uncertain all human hopes and plans! how diversified the lot of man in this life! While many are drinking from an overflowing cup of comforts and pleasures, having all that home and friends can give, others are perishing in the last degree of want and wretchedness. During this man's sickness we had a striking illustration of the heedlessness of men in regard to the voice of either the word or providence of God. While a poor fellow passenger was dying in the steerge, in circumstances most loudly calling upon us all to 'consider our ways,' several young men in the cabin, Sunday as it was, were playing cards. How suitable for all is the prayer, 'from hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment, good Lord deliver us.'

'After the poor man's body was prepared for burial, by being sewed in canvass, which served as a coffin, it was laid upon deck during the night, where it was made fast to the long-boat. The next day was the funeral, and I was asked to perform the services of the burial. About twelve o'clock the ship was trimmed, her way being checked by a proper adjustment of the sails, the passengers and crew were assembled on deck, and all things made ready for the solemn ceremony. The body, a weight being fastened to the feet, was placed on a platform, of which one end rested on the side of the ship, and the other was supported by four hardy sailors, who waited the signal for launching the corpse into the sea. All stood uncovered and with solemn aspect, while the touching service from the Liturgy was performed, and then, just as the impressive words were uttered, 'we commit his body to the deep, &c, the end of the platform held by the sailors was raised and the corpse plunged into the sea. None had the heart to look over the side of the ship to see where the waves were parted. We turned away in silence and went back to the cabin, and thought of the varieties in the lot of man, and the deep counsels of Him who 'maketh us differ.' Our ship was put back to her course, and went on her way, while the body of the stranger was left in the depth, a thousand miles at sea, and yet further from home, to await the resurrection of the last day. May there not be some far from the place of his burial, by whom he was known and loved as a father, or brother, or friend, and who will mourn for him as none on the ship could mourn? Of his private character, I of course know nothing. But a devotional book, in German, was left by him, in which I was told he had been accustomed to read. For any thing known to us he may have been a child of God, and have found in death the comforts of his Redeemer's presence. This is a suggestion of that charity which 'hopeth all things.'

*Forcible Detention of a Pastor.*—A worthy old Rector of a parish in the department of the Nevre, over which he had been Pastor nearly 20 years, received a better piece of preferment from his Bishop, about a fortnight ago. He was greatly beloved by his flock, and was no less attached to them himself; he expected to have a parting scene, which would be painful to his feelings, when he came to leave them, and he determined to take himself off quietly without letting any one into the secret. The other morning, therefore, he left the village at break of day, and journied towards his new benefice; but he had not walked above a league or two, before his departure became known, the inhabitants of the village assembled *en masse*, and determined to fetch him back. Away they went after him, and in due time overtaking not the lost sheep but the stray shepherd, brought him back in triumph to his rectory, where they have since kept a guard of six men posted round his house to hinder any new attempt at flight. The old rector, overcome by the rather boisterous testimonials of affection from his parishioners, had subsequently written to the Bishop, begging to decline the preferment offered to him.

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*Steamboat Statistics.*—From a Report upon Steamboats, laid before the House of Commons, we gather some facts interesting to persons in this country, as well as in England. It appears from this report, thrt the whole number of steam vessels in the United Kingdom, is 810, with an aggregate of 157,840 tonnage, and 63,250 horse power. This sum does not include the government steamers, and the tonnage, moreover, is not the 'custom house tonnage,' but the real tonnage, which includes that of the engine room, for this is not entered at the custom house.

According to Mr Woodbury's report, submitted to Congress on the 30th of last December, the number of steamboats in the United States, was 800, with an aggregate tonnage of 160,000, and 57,091 horse power. Thus we see that the steamboat tonnage of the two countries is very nearly the same.

There is, however, one fact, which we learn from the comparison, and which is of more immediate interest on this side of the ocean. The impression prevails very generally, that English steamers are much less liable to casualty than our own. From this report, we find, that within the last ten years, not less than ninety-two British steamers have met with accidents, destroying 634 lives. The greatest loss of life at any one time, was by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle when 119 persons perished.

Mr Woodbury's report states the whole number of accidents to have been 228; the total loss of life about 2000; the greatest number at one time, 300, at the sinking of the Monmouth on the Mississippi.

The loss of property in England is not estimated. In the United States, it is put at 5 or 6 millions. From these statements we conclude, that the steam navigation of both countries both in extent and liability to accident, is very nearly alike; the balance being slightly in favor of England.

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Laolin, or earth of which porcelain is manufactured, is a chemical composition of feldspar, the gradual transition of which has been observed by two scientific gentlemen—Brougniart and Malaguti. It is always found in the close neighborhood of ferruginous rocks in irregular interrupted beds.

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*Generosity Rewarded.*—The prize of 3000 francs for virtuous actions has been awarded by the French Academy this year to Francis Poyer, a cabroilet driver, for the following well attested conduct:—Poyer has earned his bread by keeping a hack cabroilet for the last 10 years. He has a wife and four children. In 1829, a lady entrusted her newly born infant to Poyer's wife, paid for the first three months and then did not make her appearance for two years. She claimed the child and obtained it, without paying for its keep. In a few weeks after, Poyer learned that the infant had been again deserted, and sent to the Foundling Hospital. He went to claim it and found it suffering, and even menaced with loss of sight. The establishment, however, could not give up the child, unless he who took it would lodge the sum of £10 to be given to the child on its majority. The amount was large for poor Poyer, with four children of his own; but he raised it on the 14th September, 1829, and brought the child as his adopted, again home. After ten years the facts came to the knowledge of an academician, and the prize of 3000 francs was voted to this poor cabroilet driver.

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